

Catholic Digest

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole earth, alleluia; and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia. Let God arise, and let His foes be scattered; and let those that hate Him flee from before Him.

The Introit of Pentecost.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Palestine

By DOMINIC MAJOR

Condensed from *Columbia**

Terror in the Holy Land

During these late years, Palestine has often burst into the news with bombs. At the moment of writing, Jews and Arabs are in conference with young Mr. Malcolm Macdonald in London, while other Arabs and Jews are throwing things (bullets, for instance) at one another in Palestine, and British troops and police are pursuing both across the very bumpy landscape.

Palestine has been a running sore in the body of the British Empire since the World War. During the war, Britain promised the Zionists a national home in Palestine. But while she was giving, so to speak, with her right hand, her left hand was also busy. It was extended to the Arabs who were worrying away at the Turkish flanks and rear and contributing considerably to the success of General Allenby's drive northward from the Suez Canal. It was a characteristic example of Brit-

ish imperialistic technique, which, on any score, can show a long lead in points to any other imperialists who have ever strutted in alien fields.

At first sight, the British seem to have put themselves into a horrible dilemma. But I wonder. I wonder even in the face of that beneficent young Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, and anyone less Machiavellian than young Mr. Macdonald it would be difficult to find. The British Empire is not a Machiavellian concern. It merely possesses an apparently unlimited ability to get its own way with the world and to preserve a high moral tone in the getting.

The Palestine problem is offered to the world as a clash of two parties, Arab and Jew, with the British Authority (Palestine is governed by Britain under a mandate from the League of Nations) as a kind of umpire, present to see fair play. But there is more

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. April, 1939.

to the matter than merely that.

Britain is in Palestine because Palestine is the gateway to the East. That tiny triangle of ground between the Mediterranean and Sinai has always been, as Mr. Belloc pointed out in an admirable book, *The Battleground*, a crossroads where all the great cultures and civilizations have met and often clashed. There Egypt came up against Persia and there Rome came against both: thence the Mohammedans marched against North Africa and Spain, thence they moved northward against Byzantium and all eastern Europe. There begins the immemorial trade route from the Mediterranean lands to the deep heart of Asia, to Bagdad and Samarkand and Tartary and Cathay and the remote Indies. There still passes the greatest trade route in the world, the way by Suez. As British dominion grew and extended through all the Eastern world, from Aden to Hongkong and Hongkong down to Melbourne, Suez became the main artery of an Empire upon which the sun notoriously never sets.

Britain lives by her trade. To feed her people, she must import food. To import food, she must sell her manufactured goods to the growers of food. And the bulk of her trade flows east of Suez. So, since the Empire first grew in the East, and especially since the canal was cut, Britain has striven to command the Mediterranean. Lord Nelson fought most of his years in the

Mediterranean, and Napoleon was not on a wild-goose chase when he led an army into Egypt. He saw what the Crusaders had seen long before: that whosoever controls the narrow neck between the Jordan and the Nile has the keys to Europe and Asia. It was not only the Holy Places that the Crusaders defended. It was all the Mediterranean shores, and Seville and Genoa and Rome and Vienna (for it was only at Vienna that the Moslem tide receded when it had once swept up from Asia Minor).

Today, Palestine is even more important, strategically, than in the past. There is a blue-water school of British opinion which holds that Britain should abandon the way through Suez and go to the East again about Good Hope: and in the event of war with the new Italian Power in the Mediterranean, this would be inevitable. But that blue-water school neglects a new fact in history: the fact of blue air. The airline from Europe to Asia strikes right across the Palestinian land. Perhaps now, certainly within a few years, bombers from the Mediterranean may raid on the coast of Coromandel and on to Ceylon. Only a few months ago, a British squadron flew non-stop from its base in the frontier lands of Mesopotamia and India to Australia. Apart from their advanced bases in Abyssinia, the Italians could heighten an already torrid temperature all down the Red Sea and across Persia, where the oil

pipes run with Great Britain's fuel.

A British historian, with that innocence which is part of the charm of British historians, once remarked that the British Empire grew in fits of absence of mind, and when one looks at the odd, scattered ports over which the Union Jack appears, one might, at first glance, agree. But when one begins to measure off distances, between, say, Aden and Zanzibar, Colombo and Singapore and Hongkong, one notices how neatly and exactly they make a pattern of fueling stations and bases. Similarly, with Palestine. If British politics sometimes seem incomprehensible to the rest of the world, it is usually because the British politician is thinking a decade or two ahead of the rest of the world.

Britain tightened her grasp on Palestine as she loosened it on Egypt. During the years since the canal was built, she had maintained her power in Egypt, but with the coming of air transport, Palestine became more important than Egypt, for it is on the direct crow's flight between Asia and Europe; and, in any case, the canal can be protected as easily from Palestine as it can from Egypt. Moreover, the Egyptians were a rather difficult people, and it would have been unnecessarily expensive to continue their subjection. Providing Britain controlled their Nile (and she sits squarely across its upper waters in the Sudan), she was content to let them pay for

their own health services, if they continued to want them. Palestine is also much more convenient to those precious oil wells in Persia and to the long pipe lines by which the oil comes down to the British tankers.

Whether the opening of Palestine to Jewish immigration was an inspiration of the old traditional policy of *divide and rule*, one need not conjecture: but it has certainly had much that effect. Britain always has in mind the possibility of a revival of the Moslem power. Mohomet is not dead, as we may yet learn in our time. From Port Said to Malaya, Britain must deal with the Moslem, and the Moslem is a super-national power. In a Holy War, men as remote in place and race as the Egyptian and the Tartar and the Malay may leap to arms. So sensitive is Britain to Moslem opinion in India, that she will not permit her policemen to enter the mosques in Jerusalem, even though everyone there knows that Arab tempers are inflamed to violence in the mosques and outrage planned.

When Britain took the Palestine mandate, the population was predominantly Arab, as homogeneously Arab as any population in the Near East is homogeneous. But the introduction of the Jew has brought a disparate element, one utterly out of sympathy with every aspiration of Arab politics. It is a powerful check to Arab nationalism in Palestine, for instance, for the Jew is dreaming of and working for a Jew-

ish nationalist State in Palestine. And that Jewish counter to the Arab has the support of Jewry throughout the world, especially of American Jewry. World Jewry acquires an acute interest in the British power in Palestine, for without the British power there, all the Moslem world might lend its aid to the Palestinian Arab and sweep the Jews into the sea.

I have said the British are not Machiavellian. Oddly enough, I believe it. They merely have the great fortune to discover that their interest always agrees with their piety.

In attempting to establish a national home for their people, the Jews are attempting what the anti-Semite constantly tells them they should do—remove themselves from his neighborhood and segregate themselves. Curiously, the anti-Semite does not seem grateful when they make the effort. But we are not anti-Semites, I hope. I do not see how any Christian, who remembers the obligations of Christian charity, can fail to sympathize profoundly with the millions of unhappy Jews who are now suffering as they have seldom suffered before in all history. "Anti-Semitism," said Pius XI, "is a movement in which we Christians cannot have any part whatsoever."

The condition of the Jews throughout the world is revealed by their desperate efforts to enter Palestine. When the Jews first came in, they bought land from the Arab landowners. The

landowners sold freely. They also spent freely. When the money was gone, they found themselves landless and moneyless. And there is no doubt that these gentry have deliberately inflamed the Arab peasant against his Jewish neighbor.

At the same time, one may feel considerable sympathy for the poor Arab. Though the Crusaders disputed it, Palestine has been his country for long centuries, and I do not know that any people would welcome the sudden intrusion of a large alien population.

Of all the quarrels which now rage in the world, the quarrel between Palestinian Jew and Palestinian Arab seems to me the most difficult to compromise. British interest in Palestine requires British domination in Palestine, however many thorns are in that bed. Britain will, in one way or another, keep the two peoples there in play against one another. She will probably keep the peace between them, for the most part, with an occasional burst of shots, and an occasional hanging, to check the ardors of the terrorists. She will probably do it very neatly on the whole. The *Pax Britannica* is a real thing, imposed by extraordinarily able officers in the colonial services. When trouble first broke in Palestine, early in this decade, a handful of British policemen (less than 200) restored the country to order, and they themselves deplored the later introduction of the military forces. One

should never reckon the caliber of the British by the odd spectacle sometimes presented in their Parliament at Westminster. The Empire is run by its permanent officials, and they are the most competent breed of administrators that any country has ever produced. They will have a remarkable opportunity to display their skill in Palestine, but the world will probably hardly notice it. They do not like being noticed. But Palestine will drop out of the headlines at the moment when they finally decide it has had publicity enough.

Palestine remains a key to the world,

and to world peace. Those innocent people who imagine that Italy may soon dominate the Mediterranean might remember this: the British, whose own homeland is in the remote North Sea, still control the two gateways to the sea which is Italy's home sea. In a war between Italy and Britain, it would be extremely difficult for Italian planes to bomb London; but all Italy is exposed to British raids from Gibraltar, Malta and Palestine.

The British, perhaps, have their fits of absent-mindedness; but I think that historians have mistaken the empty look on official faces for empty heads.



The Line-Up

The next war, we are told, will be fought between the aggressor nations and the non-aggressors. Given this much information, one can easily perceive what the line-up will be. . . . Great Britain is one of the world's most successful aggressor nations. It has grabbed vast slices of the earth's surface and is today holding hundreds of millions in subjection against their will. France ranks second among the aggressor nations, controlling a huge empire ruled by force. Germany snatched Austria, Italy took Ethiopia. They are aggressor nations. The United States took California, Texas, Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Panama Canal, the Philippines. Japan muscled in on Manchuria, other sections of China. Russia is holding the Ukraine against its will. . . . Among the non-aggressors may be listed Liberia, Siam, Andorra, Luxembourg, Monaco, Estonia, Latvia, Iceland and a few others. . . . Thus the next war will see Britain, France, Germany, Italy, the United States, Japan, Russia fighting against Liberia, Siam, Andorra, Luxembourg, Monaco, Estonia, Latvia. Military experts feel that the aggressor nations will win.

Graduating from High School

By IRVING A. J. LAWRES

The problem of what comes after

Condensed from *St. Anthony Messenger**

One of the men in the office, whom I shall call Johnson, asked me this question:

"My son is 17. He will graduate from St. Joan's High School in June. I'm determined that he shall have an education, because I never had the opportunity to get much schooling myself, and I have felt the lack of it all my life. I can't afford to send him away to college; even sending him to school in the city will be a serious sacrifice for me. Consequently, I want to put the few dollars I can scrape together to good use. What will I do with him?"

Like many young men, Johnson's son does not have very definite ideas about what he wants from life. Should he become a civil engineer? Very likely he does not know enough about civil engineering, or about his own intellectual ability, to make a decision.

I had two other conversations within a few days of my talk with Johnson. I described Johnson's problem to another friend of mine, Roland Smith, who, although still young, has already achieved a rather remarkable success. Smith told me that his brother, on a farm in Massachusetts, is in much the same position as Johnson.

"What would you like to study?"

the father had asked his son.

"I want to study exactly the same course Uncle Roland did."

Observe the line of reasoning. "Uncle Roland, the only one in the family who went to college, and the only one to become a real 'success,' studied courses ABC and D. Therefore, if I study ABC and D, I will be successful like Uncle Roland."

"College is the road to success." That, unfortunately, is the belief of too many parents who slave to send their children to school in the vain hope that some miracle will transform them from what they are into what they should like them to be.

I had a third conversation with a man named Jones who, from his meager salary, has been helping his widowed sister and her 16-year-old daughter.

"I went to see them New Year's Eve," he said, "and what do you suppose my sister bought the girl for Christmas? An \$18 midget radio! They already had two radios, but Mary had to have one for her bedroom. One she could take with her when she goes away to school. Did you get that, 'when she goes away to school'?"

"And where do you suppose my sister wanted to send her? To a college in Washington that wouldn't cost a

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. April, 1939.

nickel less than \$1,000 a year. But they wouldn't take her because her high school marks are not good enough. So now she's going to St. Clarissa."

St. Clarissa is not the real name of the school. I changed it for this story, but as soon as I heard the school mentioned, I recognized it as an institution attended by well-to-do young ladies who specialize in horseback riding, French, music, and other subjects designed to give the daughters of good families just the right polish.

Jones's sister apparently believes that proper schooling will lift her daughter from her present social level, and put her (and perhaps her mother, too) in the same social class as "society folks."

Now where does all this lead? To headaches and heartaches.

Here is something told me by an officer of one of the largest steel corporations:

"There are hundreds of engineering schools in this country and in those schools are thousands of students pursuing studies in civil engineering. They learn how to design bridges.

"How many successful bridge building concerns are there in this country? Three or four, and our company is one of the biggest. Yet we have only one or two engineers who might be described as bridge builders. They may have 100 engineers working for them but these men function as routine draftsmen. They earn from \$35 to

\$45 a week; a few are somewhat better paid. What's going to become of the hundreds of civil engineers being turned out by our colleges every year? They'll get jobs working over drafting boards at \$35 a week. You don't have to go to a university to earn that kind of money."

The steel man may have exaggerated to make his point, but there is so much truth in what he said that I wish every high school student and his parents could read his words and appreciate their deeper implication. What he said is true of every profession and of every phase of business life.

Certainly there are lawyers earning \$50,000 a year, just as there are engineers who are in the upper income brackets. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that for every attorney in New York City who is earning more than \$20,000 a year, there are three who earn less than \$30 a week. Each year the noted New York law firms hire the top-ranking men graduated from a few of the better law schools. Their initial salary may be \$2,100 to \$2,400 a year. Some of these attorneys make rapid progress; others move ahead slowly; a number fall by the wayside. Some of them will earn \$20,000 a year before they are 35 years old.

Many of them achieve a remarkable success. But remember, they are some of the most brilliant men in the country. That is why they succeed, not essentially because they went to a good

law school, although good training, naturally, helped. One of the important functions of the law school is the *selective* work it does; it selects outstanding men for admission; weeds out the less competent; graduates the exceptional few at the top of the class.

What about the thousands upon thousands of graduates of second, third and fourth class law schools? Many of them start to work with inferior New York firms "for carfare." Many are paid \$5 to \$15 a week. Thousands of them will never earn a decent living. Yet they are "lawyers." The parents do not understand that their son would have made an excellent electrician and could earn three times as much as he ever will in the law business. He could also lead a much happier life for he would enjoy success in his own field and would not be a failure in a profession which he never should have entered.

Let us go back to Johnson and his problem. The cases we have discussed may illustrate a number of principles which can be helpful to Johnson in thinking his problem through and perhaps assist him to arrive at some solution.

"Well, my son talks about aviation."

Is aviation a good field to get into? Does it have a promising future? Is it a business which is overcrowded to the extent that the law profession is overcrowded? The answers here are all favorable to young Johnson. Avia-

tion is still in its infancy. If this boy is interested in aviation, what phase of it is he considering?

"How does he get along in school?" I asked.

"He's very good in mathematics, but not outstanding in his other subjects."

If the young man does have a definite talent for higher mathematics, he might be fitted to become an aviation engineer, a plane designer or an instrument research engineer. Is he exceptionally bright? Has he originality and imagination? Has he a good chance of becoming "tops" in the field of his choice? His father, of course, does not know and unfortunately no one does, but if the boy is clearly not above average, perhaps he had better avoid engineering.

Here again, however, no one can speak with definite authority, because we all know of men who were only "average" in school, yet who, in after life, were extremely successful. We could "not understand how they did it." What we did not understand is that our own estimates of other persons' abilities may not be as accurate as we believe.

If the boy becomes an expert mechanic, when he should have been an engineer, is all hope lost? Certainly not, for college is by no means the "open sesame" which so many persons without education believe it to be. If he has the ability, he can still become head mechanic, plant superintendent,

general manager, vice-president. It has been done many times in all lines of business.

It may be harder that way, but that approach is far more satisfactory than becoming a third-rate engineer and then being obliged to take a job selling shirts in a department store.

There is, in this country, a very silly worship of the polished mahogany desk. So many people think that any kind of a position in a well-furnished office, doing even the most uninteresting routine work, is somehow superior to a job which requires work with the hands, hands that reach into greasy gears. That is a fallacious theory which has brought sorrow to many mothers and fathers as well as to many graduates of colleges and universities. The man at the desk may be putting little checks in little squares ("cutting out paper dolls" we call it), while the man with grimy hands may be conditioning a plane that will carry 30 passengers from New York to London overnight; may be working on the development of a new instrument which will enable fliers to land on a rough ocean without cracking up like the *Bermuda Cavalier* a few months ago. Which is doing the more important work? Which will be the happier?

I asked Johnson what he knew about aviation, and he replied truthfully, "Nothing." Well, then, why not learn something about it? After Johnson and his son talk with 15 or 20 men

well acquainted with the aviation industry, the two of them will be in a much better position to sit down and plan.

Suppose the upshot of their entire investigation leads to the conclusion that Johnson junior should start as an office boy for Transcontinental Western Air or Pan American Airways? What is to prevent him from one day becoming the corporation's president?

The whole business of planning careers would be much simpler if parents and high school graduates could be made to recognize the truth of a few general principles such as the following:

1. College is not the only road to success.
2. College will not guarantee business or professional success.
3. College will, ordinarily, not lift a person out of one social class and place him in a higher class. In other words, college does not usually turn poor people into "society folks" even though they buy evening clothes.
4. Students of mediocre ability, as evidenced by high school records, had perhaps better not go to college.
5. College can do more for brilliant young men than for dull ones.
6. The more brilliant the student, the more right he has to go to college, and the greater the sacrifice that should be made to give him higher education.
7. Parents very often overestimate the intelligence and ability of their

children. Occasionally parents fail to recognize that they have a genius in the family. Outside advice as to the intelligence of children is likely to be more accurate than the estimate of parents.

It is to be regretted that our schools do not attempt to do a better job of vocational guidance. The consensus of opinion of all the student's teachers would be very helpful if they would give the student the benefit of their considered advice. Every school should have an expert vocational advisor, a

man of broad experience, who could work with students during their junior and senior years and act as a sort of bridge between the academic classroom and the hard business world. Perhaps an historical chart should be kept on every student, just as a hospital keeps a record of the progress of each patient. There is a great need also for the schools to disseminate more information among its students about college, business and the professions which would assist each student to choose his own career.



Shoe Pinched

The man was somewhat pompous of manner. He had studied abroad in his youth and appeared desirous of impressing me with his seemingly extensive experiences. He was rather critical of the Church in the U. S. My companion, a prominent Catholic lawyer, was on the point of exploding once or twice, but, as the remarks were addressed to me as a priest, he kept silent, waiting for me to reply.

"Will you kindly tell me why our priests in the U. S. do not give more time to urging our Catholic people to have a greater appreciation of the beauties of the divine Office and for the Church's plainchant?"

"Because most of our priests," I answered, "are kept too busy teaching our people the very fundamentals of Catholic doctrine and impressing on them, as Catholic parents, the duty of sending their children to Catholic schools, and instructing their sons and daughters to avoid mixed marriages, and to have a horror of divorce and of the pagan principles invading married life."

The pompous one flushed and rather abruptly left us. My companion looked at me with an amused smile and then laughed. "I didn't know that you carry a bludgeon with you. Your answer knocked 'Old Pomposity' flat."

"Knocked him flat? Why?"

"Because he sent his son and two daughters to non-Catholic colleges, and all three have contracted mixed marriages, and one daughter is divorced."

Religion Made Easy

The Indian sign

By ALBERT BAUMAN, O.S.B.

Condensed from *St. Joseph Magazine**

Fathers Blanchet and Demers came to the great Pacific Northwest from Canada in 1838. Their knottiest problem was to teach the Indians without knowing their language. Before he was there a month Father Demers had already acquired a working knowledge of a kind of jargon which many of the surrounding tribes understood. He soon translated the Sign of the Cross, the Our Father, and the Hail Mary into the Chinook jargon.

Early in February he hit upon another scheme. The Indians loved music. Why not compose some songs about the truths of faith they were supposed to remember?

He set to work immediately on the Apostle's Creed. Before long many hymns had been composed or translated, and set to simple tunes. The idea was a success and the songs traveled from tribe to tribe faster than the missionaries themselves could. Several times later when visiting Indian villages especially around Puget Sound, they found the natives already able to sing the Chinook hymns.

But there was still the difficulty about memory. Songs could be forgotten. Necessity is the mother of invention and the clever solution found for this difficulty was afterwards adopt-

ed by missionaries all over the world who found themselves in the same predicament.

In looking for a plan Father Blanchet took a stick and represented the 40 centuries before Christ by 40 marks, the 33 years of our Lord by 33 points followed by a cross, and the 18 centuries and 39 years since by 18 marks and 39 points. This enabled him to show the beginning of the world, the creation, the fall of the angels, the sin of Adam, the promise of a Savior, the time of His birth, and His death upon the cross, as well as the mission of the apostles.

The plan was a great success. After eight days' explanation, the chief and his companions became masters of the subject, and, having learned to make the Sign of the Cross and to sing one or two hymns in the Chinook jargon, they started for home well satisfied, with a square rule thus marked, which they called *Sahale stick* (stick from above). It became known as "The Catholic Ladder."

The Indian chiefs developed into veritable apostles to their own people. Some of them became so proficient in explaining their "ladders" that they were able to speak for several hours at a time telling what each mark and

**St. Benedict, Ore. Nov., 1938.*

figure on the stick stood for. Especially was this true as time passed and the original marks and dots grew into an elaborately illustrated "Ladder" containing a concise summary of all Cath-

olic doctrine. One of these later copies with over 100 engraved illustrations of biblical scenes is preserved in the archives of St. Benedict's Abbey at Mount Angel, Ore.



Teacher of the Deaf

By THOMAS F. O'CONNOR

He invented a language

Condensed from *Hands That Talk**

As far back as the 8th century we have a record in the writings of St. Venerable Bede of the first manual alphabet. A Spanish Benedictine monk, Ponce de Leon, who lived in the 16th century, taught the deaf to speak, read, write, keep accounts and confess orally. In the next century another Spanish priest, Juan Pablo Bonet, published in Madrid a treatise on the sign language.

But it remained for a French priest to perfect the modern system of the sign language. The Abbé Charles-Michel De L'Epeé is justly regarded as the modern Apostle of the Deaf. He was born in Versailles, France, on November 25, 1712, and died in Paris, December 23, 1789. Early in his sacerdotal career he was so touched by the utter helplessness of deaf children that he determined to consecrate himself to the deaf.

He laid the foundation of all system-

atic instruction of the deaf. Noticing deaf children at play, he observed how they communicated with their fellows in pantomime, and made use of natural gestures to indicate objects and desires; and what struck him most of all was that they exchanged ideas that way, and were mutually understood. From this the Abbé grasped the idea of using a sign language as a means of instruction. In 1760 he opened the first school for the deaf in Paris, using for instruction his sign language. From the start his efforts were blessed with success. This school, the first of its kind anywhere, soon gained international fame. Educators traveled from far and wide to learn De L'Epeé's methods. From France his system spread to England, the Continent and eventually to America. In his old age he began a dictionary of signs, which was later completed by his pupil and successor, the Abbé

*Mission Church Press, Boston, Mass. Spring, 1939.

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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Sicard. The enthusiasm for his work never wore thin. Ingenuity in discovering new modes of expression, new avenues to light up the world of knowledge and interest for his children car-

ried throughout his life. And when as an old man of 77 he laid down the burden of life, the saintly old Abbé could carry with him into eternity the gratitude of the deaf for all ages.



When French Is Greek

I started Greek when I was seven, and the fact that the crocodile moves its upper jaw remains with me to this day. Those early sentence books do contrive, with an uncanny knack of characterization, to sum up for you the atmosphere of the civilization you are studying.

But I learned nothing, I am afraid, in those long years of French classes, except a number of disconnected pieces of general knowledge from a book of French compositions. I claim that I can read French. Moreover, I can understand French when it is spoken, within limits.

I cannot talk French because I am hopelessly self-conscious. I am afraid of talking it badly, for the first requisite in talking a foreign language, as in making a public speech, is some measure of self-confidence. And here, strangely enough, I think you may say that all the French we learned so tearfully at school is not a help but a positive hindrance. We do not remember how to do it right, but we remember with painful clearness how many ways there are of doing it wrong.

There is another inhibition which holds me tongue-tied. I cannot bear discussing the obvious topic, or saying the obvious things about it. And the phrases which spring to my mind ready-made are always the obvious phrases about the obvious things, so that I despise myself for using them.

Because he finds that I understand him quite tolerably when he speaks French to me, the Frenchman never suspects my inability to talk French to him. I sometimes wonder whether this sort of thing happens in the higher spheres of diplomacy.

Ronald Knox in the *Catholic Herald* (3 March '39).

Cousin Marriages

By THOMAS J. REED

Moral: marry a stranger

Condensed from *Extension Magazine**

Every periodical which conducts a question-and-answer department is frequently consulted about the consequences of marriages between relatives. This is an old problem. The children of Adam and Eve were confronted by it. And evidently it is still causing worry, unhappiness or at least speculation among many today.

Most inquiries are from small towns, especially rural communities. There the population is more static. The family hearths are irremovable fixtures and do not flit from one apartment to another every May or October 1. In these localities the children of a family grow up, marry and tend to settle in the neighborhood, notwithstanding the cityward movement of some of the youths. Consequently, the young people of marriageable age find that their matrimonial prospects are limited by the small population of the locality and are further restricted by the fact that some of the prospects are relatives.

Rural youth, on the other hand, are apt to know well the family and personal history of a marriage partner. They are less likely to marry someone on short acquaintance and find that the party had been married a few times previously. The young people of a big city usually have an acquaintance limit-

ed largely to their immediate neighborhood. Big cities are only large groups of small neighborhoods anyhow.

A typical *marriage question* follows:

"Dear Sir: I am a girl 20 years of age. I am in love with a young man two years my senior. We are engaged to be married, but recently have realized that we are related to each other. My grandfather and his grandmother were brother and sister, which makes us second cousins. In other words, we are related in the third degree of consanguinity. Our folks are perfectly willing that we be married, but one of my neighbors told me that marriages of relatives 'don't turn out well.' She said that children born of such marriages are often subnormal. Is there any truth in that story? We know of a couple on a near-by farm who are cousins and they have the loveliest children imaginable. The children are all healthy and are very bright in school. Please advise us on this problem which is worrying us very much."

What is the law of the Church in this case? It defines consanguinity as community of blood between two or more persons, and gives rules for calculating its degrees. It is sufficient here merely to distinguish between blood relationships in the direct and in the

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. April, 1939.

collateral line. In the direct line one party derives life from the other; for example, a father and daughter are related in the direct line because the daughter has derived her life from her father. In the collateral line the two parties have a common ancestor; for instance, a brother and sister are related in the collateral line because they both have a common ancestor in either parent.

In the case mentioned in the letter the relationship of the two parties is correctly stated. They are related in the third degree of the collateral line. They are second cousins. Church law states that marriage between blood-relatives is forbidden in every degree of the direct line and to the third degree inclusively of the collateral line. Therefore, this relationship is within the forbidden degrees for marriage.

If you were to ask the average person why close relatives, like brother and sister, should not marry, he would tell you that "it wouldn't be right, that's all." And he would be correct. But the Church goes further and presents us with moral, social and physiological reasons to convince us that such marriages are not right. In the moral order, the first reason why the Church prohibits the intermarriage of close relatives is because such unions would violate the reverence due to one's own kin. There is a natural repugnance to such marriages, even among primitive nations.

Another reason in the moral order for such legislation lies in the need for preserving purity of morals between close relatives. By necessity, members of a family and other close relatives live together, or see one another frequently. If they could regard one another as marriage prospects, many would inevitably become serious occasions of sin for one another.

The reasons drawn from the social order for the prohibition of marriage among close relations flow from the very nature of matrimony; the fact, namely, that marriage has been instituted for the social good of mankind. Sanchez, the classical authority on the Sacrament of Matrimony, writes: "It is becoming that man enter into marriage in such wise as to serve the common good of society. Since man is by nature a politically-social animal, he should unite in that type of matrimony which promotes the social-political good of the state. Hence, he should not marry relatives because he is bound to them already in close ties of blood and affection." To this may be added the words of St. Augustine whose reason for prohibiting unions between close relatives is this, namely, the necessity of increasing the number of friends. "When a man takes to wife one who is outside of his own family, all the wife's blood-relations become bound to him by a special tie of friendship, as if they were his own."

A final and physiological reason giv-

en for the necessity of the impediment of consanguinity is the danger that children born of blood-relatives will be physically defective.

Eugenics is a "science which aims at improving the well-being of the race by studying the factors which affect bodily and mental health with a view to the encouragement of the beneficial and the elimination of the harmful." The forerunners of this science were Mendel, a Catholic monk, and Galton, the famous English scientist.

Unfortunately, some of the prominent eugenists of our times do not see eye to eye with the Church. Their teachings are vitiated with such unsavory assumptions as the following: that human beings are merely animals; that the improvement of humanity can be effected by stock-breeding methods; that heredity is everything; that free will can be ignored; that intelligence and economic success mean greatness, and that the supernatural destiny of man can be ignored. Naturally, we condemn their program of eliminating the unfit from society by birth control and sterilization because it is immoral and unpatriotic. In their positive aims of improving the race we commend them as long as they use ethical means. Moreover, we remind them that the doctrinal and moral teachings of the Church is the force *par excellence* for the improvement of the human race.

With this preamble and these precautions are submitted the following

opinions of modern eugenists on cousin marriages. When parents beget children they each transmit to the offspring physical characteristics. Thus the child is the recipient of good and bad traits of the families of both his parents, which they in turn had received from both their parents. When the elements which carry the heredity unite in a child they combine in various combinations with varied results. For example, the characteristics of one parent may dominate in the child to the exclusion of the characteristics of the other parent. If these characteristics are desirable ones, the child is fortunate. If the traits are undesirable, the child is handicapped accordingly. In other instances the good and bad traits inherited may neutralize each other, leaving no visible results in the child. It is maintained that defects such as congenital deafness, congenital blindness, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy and some types of insanity may be transmitted by heredity from generation to generation. These defects may remain dormant or recessive for generations as long as they are overbalanced by strong desirable characteristics.

Cousin marriages, then, can produce superior children, biologically speaking, if the cousins are both of healthy stock and free from defects mentioned above, for in this case they are both carriers of desirable traits and their children will inherit a double portion. How can cousins be reasonably sure they are of

healthy stock and are not carriers of congenital defects? The eugenists answer that a study of the ancestry of their three past generations, including the collateral lines, should be made by an expert. If this study fails to show any congenital defects, the cousins can reasonably dismiss any apprehensions about their marriage.

Dr. Ulrich A. Hauber says: "The fact is, however, that marriage between relatives, even of second cousins, is always dangerous because hidden defective genes (determiners of hereditary characteristics) are present in all families. While, technically speaking, consanguinity should not be enumerated among the causes of congenital and

inherited defects, practically it is the proximate reason for the existence of many defective children."

Thus we can understand the reasons of the Church and many of the states for prohibiting such unions. However, while discouraging such marriages even among those of the healthy stock, we don't want to cause any apprehensions among second cousins who have been married through a dispensation by the Church. Statistically there is a risk of physically defective children in all marriages. Nature and her laws are still largely unpredictable. It must always be remembered that the best parents by all standards may have physically defective children.



Bullfighter in Repose

Father Heredia, the Jesuit lecturer on Spiritualism, tells a whimsical little story of Spain in his new book, *True Spiritualism*. A priest praying in a dusky little chapel on the outskirts of Madrid was disturbed by a tugging at his coat. It was an old, wrinkled, little Spanish woman.

"Pray for my son, Father," she pleaded, "the toreador, who is to meet the great bull tomorrow."

Later, walking along the dusty road toward the city, the priest came across the bullfighter himself, leaning nonchalantly against a tree, gay in his velvet and silver brocade, and as nonchalantly smoking a cigarette. The priest stared at His Disinterested Highness in some amazement.

"You are not worrying about tomorrow?" queried the priest.

"Why no," responded the youth, absorbed in his cigarette. "Why should I?"

"But the bull, he may gore you? Are you not afraid?"

"Oh, no," smiled the imperturbable toreador. "The bull has no mother to pray for him."

Mount Carmel (March-April '39).

Roman Catholic Rites

By FRANCIS THOMAY

Latin is one of 19

Condensed from the pamphlet*

Every Catholic knows that he is a member of the Catholic Church but very few Catholics in America know that in addition to the Latin rite, to which they belong, there are eighteen other rites, to any one of which they might subscribe and still remain equally good Catholics. Catholics in the U. S. come so little into contact with any Catholic rite other than their own, that they unconsciously identify the Catholic Church with the Latin rite, which numerically is enormously the greatest.

The 19 rites are the Latin, Mozarabic, Ambrosian, Chaldean, Malabar, Coptic, Abyssinian, Pure Syriac, Armenian, Maronite, and nine varieties of the Greek or Byzantine rite, namely, Pure Greek, Italo-Greek, Georgian, Melkite, Bulgarian, Serbian, Rumanian, Russian and Ruthenian. The first three of these, the Latin, the Mozarabic (of Spain) and the Ambrosian (of Milan, Italy), are Western rites. Pope Pius XI was of the Ambrosian rite.

Of the 16 Eastern rites, almost all are groups of Catholics whose ancestors separated from one or other of the various dissident churches of the East and returned to the fold of the Catholic Church, and who, after their return, continued in the rite to which

they had always belonged. Because of their *union* with Rome, those Eastern Catholics are sometimes called Uniates.

The origin of the different rites takes us back to the dawn of Christianity. From very early times, the Christian world was divided into three different parts, presided over respectively by the Pope, as Patriarch of the West, and the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch. The Pope's jurisdiction was complete except in purely local affairs. The liturgy of the Church, based on what took place at the Last Supper and on the services of the Jewish synagogue, developed in slightly different forms in each of these three patriarchates. Their canon law and local customs also differed in detail. The population spoke different languages. At first the language of the liturgy was always the spoken language of the people but in time most of these became dead languages. Other languages were from time to time adopted locally.

People unfamiliar with Eastern Catholics are likely to suppose that Latin is the only liturgical language in use in the Catholic Church. There are, in fact, 12 languages or dialects in which Mass is said daily by Catholic priests—Latin, Greek, Coptic, Geez (a dialect of Ethiopic), Syriac (both West-

*1200 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ern and Eastern dialects), Armenian, Georgian, Arabic, Church Slavonic, Rumanian and Magyar. The last named, used by Latins in Jugo-Slavia, is Church Slavonic, written in Glagolitic characters, instead of in Cyrillic. Latin, Coptic, Geez and both forms of Syriac, are dead languages; Rumanian, Arabic and Magyar are living languages; while the others are all older forms of languages still spoken, and those older forms are, in consequence, understood to a greater or less extent by the people.

The Sacred Congregation of Oriental Churches, of which the Pope is the president, administers to the various Eastern rites of the Roman Catholic Church. This group embraces all of the Eastern Catholic bodies which practice the Roman Catholic religion under the rituals which have come down to them through the centuries.

In all matters of faith, Catholics of Eastern rites are identical with all other Catholics, but in many ways they differ both from each other and

from Latin Catholics in liturgy, liturgical language, customs and canon law. Though they vary materially from each other, Eastern rites, however, have common characteristics in which they differ from the Latin. Some of the common characteristics, as well as their differences one from another, are in church architecture, clerical dress, vestments, sacred utensils, music, the Sign of the Cross, the calendar, fasting and abstinence, devotional practice, education of clergy and ecclesiastical government.

One of the most ancient of the Eastern groups is the Roman Catholic Chaldean Church. The Three Wise Men (Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar) were Chaldean kings who were guided by the miraculous star to Bethlehem. Returning, they spread the Gospel in their native country. The language of Jesus Christ during his life on earth was Chaldeo-Aramaic and today the same language is used in celebrating Mass in the Roman Catholic Chaldean Church.



Points of View

Adolf Hitler met a Jew in Austria and turned away in disgust. Achille Ratti (later, Pope Pius XI) met in Poland a destitute old Jewish woman bemoaning the loss of her cow, bought her another.

N. C. Eberhardt, C.M., in the *Vincentian* (April '39).



Says He!

A lady announced to Thomas Carlyle, "Mr. Carlyle, I accept the universe!" His answer was, "Egad, Madame, you'd better!"

From *The Good Pagan's Failure* by Rosalind Murray (Longmans, Green & Co.).

Euthanasia

By DR. JOSE JOSE

Poison by another name

Condensed from *Cultura Social**

"Please put me out of my misery, Doctor. I can't stand it!" How often have physicians heard this plea.

"It can't happen here!" is the cry voiced by most of us, and yet it can and does happen here . . . from whispered requests, whispered consultations and quiet orders.

It is the same age-old cry of humanitarianism and sentimentality which as early as the 15th century found actuality in far off Ayrshire, Scotland, when victims of incurable diseases were given the "Millen Bridle," or in the 19th century, when the "Holy Stone" was placed on the head (perhaps not too gently) of a stricken person and he died easily and quietly. However, world attention has been focused on this subject in more recent years by the action of prominent English physicians led by Dr. Moynihan who openly advocated a Voluntary Euthanasia Legalization Society, and even more recently, by the suicide of a leading American woman writer, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who justified her act as a quiet surcease from suffering, and again, by that old country doctor found dead with a gun in one hand and a note in the other, "No damned cancer is going to get me!"

There are two types of euthanasia:

the occisive, the avowed purpose of which is the direct inducement of death; and the lenitive, which brings in the principle of the double effect, i. e., that the administration of a drug for therapeutic purposes may have two effects, one the alleviation of the pain and improvement of the disease, and the other, possible death as a result of an untoward action of the drug. The latter action is tolerated, provided the intention is to cure, so that the death that may result is only a permitted accident. However, true euthanasia means the direct inducement of death.

Medical authorities are divided into two distinct camps on the subject. The first group is strongly convinced that when a person is stricken with an excruciatingly painful and incurable disease or is an imbecile, hopelessly insane, or even an habitual criminal, that person can either at his own request or after its proper legalization, be given a quick, tranquil and painless death. The second group is as defiantly vocal in categorically denying the physician, no matter how highly trained or specialized and how extensive his powers over human ills, the privilege and much less the right to decide when human life should end, no matter what the condition or the motive.

**Arzobispo* 147, Manila, P. I. June, 1938.

"Mercy killing is permissible." This is the main tenet of the first group. They claim that a physician has the right to prescribe any medicine, usually a sedative, in overdose, to end for all time the sufferings of an incurable patient. Included in this claim therefore are several factors: (1) the right to kill, (2) the ability to decide whether and when a person is suffering from an incurable disease, (3) absolute and comprehensive knowledge of the actions of drugs. Their chief arguments are two, based largely on sentimentality: (1) as expressed identically by two well-known surgeons, Dr. Fredrick Bancroft of the New York Cancer Committee, and Sir Arbuthnot Lane of England, "I do not see why we do not give humans the same merciful treatment we accord to animals," and (2) the end justifies the means. This is putting it rather baldly, but briefly and accurately. Because their argument hinges on their right as physicians to alleviate suffering and cure human ills, they draw its apparent corollary, their right to end sufferings, even by ending life.

"Mercy killing is murder." This is the reasoning of the second group, who categorically state that the ending of human life by any means, under any circumstances and by whatsoever apparent individual or legal justifications, is plain homicide. And their argument is briefly: (1) the right to take life is vested only in its giver, God, allowing

for three exceptions, self defense against an unjust aggressor, in a just war, and in capital punishment; (2) the doctor, no matter how learned, cannot state definitely and absolutely that a disease is incurable, and (3) that our knowledge of the actions of drugs is decidedly limited, especially as regards their actions on diseases in an advanced stage.

As Catholics, our obvious allegiance is to the second point of view, because God has said, "Thou shalt not kill." In fact, Dr. Moynihan, the great English physician and ardent supporter of the modern movement in favor of euthanasia, has publicly said, "The right to die is gaining support throughout the country. And we believe we will not find opposition except from Roman Catholics, who are objecting for obvious reasons." Dr. Moynihan was right, and even though he did not state what these obvious reasons were, he felt sure of his opponent. But we speak not only as Catholics, but as reasoning, scientific, moral men and women.

Euthanasia is the offspring of materialism and paganism, both of which deny that the Creator is sole arbiter of life, deny that killing in any form is murder, that a doctor's task is to save life, or that death cannot be justified. They claim the right to kill gently in certain cases because humanity cries out for relief. To them life is nothing but a succession of

pleasant sensations interspersed with brief unpleasant ones, and if the latter should supervene, the logical thing to do is to end it. The lives and talents of people are for them to use and for the State to profit by, and once a person's life becomes a burden to the bearer and to the State, the only thing to do is to end it as quickly and easily as possible. This is a very plausible philosophy, granted that men are animals, and God a forgotten nightmare.

Life is not merely for living, enjoying, or laughing. Life is pregnant with multitudinous events and experiences, most of which are not pleasant, but all of which have a purpose, and leave on us a mark by which we will be judged when we leave this temporary sojourn and enter into the real life hereafter.

Hippocrates realized this to the full and so he emphasized in his famous oath, which all doctors either tacitly or actually swear by, that a doctor should give no drug the purpose of which was to destroy life. And the Ten Commandments did not include incurable diseases as exceptions to the mandate "Thou shalt not kill" because these tenets are not mere whims of a bearded savant but are anchored in the very nature of man and hold true wherever man lives, even though he never heard of any Ten Commandments.

Many of our greatest writers suffered from incurable diseases which often served as extraordinary inspirations for their greatest work, even though they

also caused their early death. Dr. Trudeau would not have discovered the cure for tuberculosis had he not been abandoned and ostracized by an inhuman society in the chill winds of the Adirondacks, where he not only recovered but discovered the cure for the disease which had caused his fellow men to condemn him to death. Only a few years ago patients diagnosed as diabetics were pronounced incurable and allowed to die. Along came Dr. Best with his discovery of insulin, and happiness and long usefulness to society is still possible to diabetics. Before the discovery of liver extracts by Dr. Minot, pernicious anemia meant a death sentence. Many supposedly incurable and painful cancers are being tempered with the use of cobra venom, X ray and radium.

How would science make any progress with the so-called incurable diseases if, when once diagnosed, the victim was put to death, leaving no subject to study? I am not advocating making these poor unfortunates into so many guinea pigs for scientific experimentation. No, and neither were they so victimized when other great discoveries, pain-relieving and life-saving, were established. A cure may be found at any moment for many of the so-called incurable diseases! Otherwise we should have to go on indefinitely having the same incurable diseases, diagnosing them, and subsequently killing the victims. What a paradise for

undertakers would be the medical profession!

Euthanasia makes light of a word that has always meant death, "killing." Besides trampling upon the rights of God, and making the victim and the physician parties to an unjustifiable homicide, it has the further aspect of disregarding one of the inalienable

rights of man, the right to life. Even an atheistic law will forbid euthanasia because the right to life cannot be given up.

Euthanasia or mercy killing is immoral, unscientific, illegal and is supported only by its pagan fathers, Drs. Moynihan and Company, whose entire basis of argument is sentimentality.



The Selecting of Bishops

The manner in which bishops are elected is slowly being altered. Rome is seeking to exclude alien influences; and the disparity of existing methods of nomination and appointment render this desire understandable. Even where political ties create no difficulty, the right to name bishops is often placed in such undesirable hands as those of the Cathedral Chapter, where there is always danger of local intrigue and bias. In England the bishops of a Church province and the Cathedral Chapter draw up a list of candidates; and until recently a similar method of procedure was in vogue in the U. S.

Since 1919 the Consistorial Congregation has gradually made progress in introducing its own system, which is based on a biennial meeting of every group of suffragan bishops under the chairmanship of their metropolitan. At this meeting the names and qualifications of some candidates are agreed upon. The selection must be supported by personal acquaintance of long standing. Each of the bishops must submit a list independently of the others; all are then examined in joint session. Finally a list in which the names are arranged according to merits is secretly agreed upon. This is then compared with information supplied by the Congregation.

It may be stated that this method of selection is probably the fairest that human fallibility can arrive at. It may be that men of unusual ability are slighted because they are found less subservient, but the method does keep out unworthy characters and weak compromise candidates. It assures to the hierarchy a band of successors able to serve the Church as a whole.

From The Vatican as a World Power by Joseph Bernhart (Longmans, Green & Co.).

In Scandinavia

By VIGGO F. E. RAMBUSCH

One in four hundred

Condensed from *St. Ansgar's Bulletin**

The Catholic Church in Scandinavia is progressing slowly but surely. I was deeply impressed by this fact last summer when, as president of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York, I had a series of interviews with the clergy of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

Sixty years ago the last laws against the few hundred Catholics were removed. Today there are 33,800 Catholics in these three countries. When viewed by itself, this increase is very impressive, but comparing it with a total population of 12,000,000, it is quickly realized that Catholics still constitute only about $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1% of the population. During my conversations with the clergy, I spoke of St. Ansgar's League's deep interest in the Church in Scandinavia, and reported on the activities of our many units.

In Scandinavia, where formerly there was a strong anti-Catholic feeling, we find today tolerance, interest and appreciation. This changed attitude is due, first, to a realization that the Church in its work for the spiritual advancement of mankind desires that its doctrines be understood and accepted by converts individually, unlike the manner in which a new religion was forced, for political reasons, on the

peoples of the Scandinavian countries by rulers at the time of the Reformation. Second, it is due to the admitted need of an alliance of all Christians to combat the anti-Christian forces of the world, and third, to the leadership which every Christian knows the Catholic Church is providing and will continue to provide.

Religiously considered, the people fall into two groups: first, there is a large majority who have no interest in religious matters, and who have no anti-Catholic groups or programs. A minority is deeply religious. Besides the Lutheran State Church, there are a number of free organizations and personal sects, Sweden alone having more than 100.

During the incumbency of Bishop Brems 34 new chapels and churches have been erected in Denmark, and the Catholics have increased from 19,000 to 26,400. Denmark now has 16 native priests, and has three sons studying in Rome. Relations between the Church and the State are very friendly.

In Norway, Father Bergwitz explained that Bishop Mangers was out of town keeping a series of important engagements previously arranged for Monsignor Irgens who had died a

*1938. 435 76th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

fortnight before. Monsignor Irgens was a young convert of a fine, old Norwegian family, whose personal charm and religious zeal had been felt by all with whom he came in contact.

Father Bergwitz mentioned the great interest Bishop Mangers takes in our work, and stated that efforts were being made to obtain a relic of St. Olaf (patron Saint and former King of Norway, born 995, died 1030, feast day July 29) for the shrine of St. Olaf which Father Wolf and the Garretson Unit of the League are starting. There are 3,000 Catholics, five native priests, and 30 native Sisters in Norway, and two native seminarians studying in Rome. Norway has 21 Catholic hospitals.

In Sweden I was received most graciously by Monsignor Assarsson. He spoke hopefully of the progress of the Church in Sweden and in Scandinavia generally. He was happy while describing the new Church of Christ the King, in basilica style, now nearing completion in Göteborg. He likewise spoke of the progress of the Bridgettine Order. This community was founded

by the great St. Bridget of Sweden. These nuns were expelled from Sweden in 1595 and since then have resided abroad. In 1923 the Bridgettines were invited to send a few representatives to Vadstena to take part in and to add color to a secular celebration in honor of the saint. The Order accepted the invitation and decided to rebuild, if possible, the Swedish community. This they did and to date all has gone very well. Besides Vadstena, the site of the first convent, the nuns have a house at Djursholm, near Stockholm.

Before the introduction of Lutheranism into Scandinavia, the Catholic Church had three archbishops and 19 bishops, with hundreds of churches, monasteries and convents. Today, amid the still standing monuments of Catholic times, Scandinavia is a "mission field," with all that the word implies. The world depression did not make the lot of the Scandinavian clergy and people any easier, and now that the help which formerly came from the mother houses and people of Germany has ceased, the bishops and clergy are in actual need.



The Pope and Traffic

More ought to be made in Rome of the Milvian Bridge, the spot and center from which the rule of the road, the law by which all traffic in England keeps to the left, was promulgated by Pope Gregory the Great 1300 years ago. It was the French Revolution, with its passion for starting the world anew, which changed the continent from left to right, but in this matter the English remained true Pope's men.

D. W. in the *Tablet* (25 March '39).

Grind Your Own Flour

By KATHERINE DEUPREE

The staff (?) of life

Condensed from *Free America**

The average American family has about four to five persons, with an income of about \$2,100 per year. They live in small apartments, suburban houses and on farms. In most cases there is a fixed financial dependence on a fixed salary which in most cases never increases appreciably. Therefore the great hope of salaried workers is to make their home productive and independent in every possible way. The home milling of flour and cereals is one of the important parts in such a program.

Take first the item of flour. In a bulletin compiled by the School of Living at Suffern, N. Y., *How to Economize on Bread and Cakes—A Manual on Baking at Home*, you will find that you can serve more wholesome grain products at a saving of \$45.64 per year by baking at home.

Most Americans think white bread is pleasing in appearance; and that is about all that can be said for it. Since in the milling of flour the wheat grain is separated into three products—white flour, bran and middlings—most of our bread and pastry is made from the inner starchy kernel of the wheat that has a high heat content, but very few vitamins, mineral salts and colloids such as the salts of iron, phosphorous,

sodium, potassium, silicon, calcium, chlorine, flourine, magnesium, manganese and sulphur.

Patent flour, the highest grade of white flour, contains less than half of 1% of mineral salts; while the parts, which the modern centralized mill discards for human use and grinds only for cattle and chicken feed, has ten times as much mineral matter. The percentage of protein and fat is much higher in whole wheat flour than in white; but the proportion of starch and water is less in whole wheat flour. The difference in nutriment value between the two flours is enormous when you remember that you eat bread at practically every meal.

The meagerness of immunizing minerals in modern white flour is a direct cause of cancer. The chief difference in the diet of primitive cancer-free peoples and today's cancer-ridden populations was the presence in it of large quantities of minerals. Animals fed on white bread lose weight and become diseased. Human beings actually starve to death if forced to live wholly upon it. White bread does not nearly approach a complete dietary ideal. Whole wheat bread does.

The continued use of white bread is a frequent cause of constipation and

*112 E. 19th St., New York City. March, 1939.

nervousness. Constipation is often a preliminary stage to more serious disorders. The white flour that you buy is not only refined to a completely starchy product devoid of mineral value, but it is also bleached by an electrochemical process that destroys a yellow food substance in wheat called carotene. Carotene is a source of vitamin A, important to growth, appetite and digestion. Its amount in one sack of flour is small, but again the total to be considered is that of the amount present in a year's supply of grain products.

Artificial separation by commercial milling creates a denatured product. When you eat white bread, you are forced to supplement your diet with vegetables or other mineral sources. Strangely enough you very likely eat bran, that old by-product of wheat which has been taken out of flour at your expense and which you now buy back at 50 times its value to offset the constipation caused by regular eating of indigestible white bread.

What is true of wheat is also true of corn and other breakfast cereals. Refined cornmeal contains one-fifth less protein than whole corn; the proportion of soluble fat A, a very valuable substance required for growth in children, and mineral salts is about four times as much in whole corn.

In the milling of corn the whole kernel is broken up into parts, no one of which alone is a desirable food. The

starch is sold as cornstarch. Glucose becomes a cheap sugar substitute. The fat in the corn grain is made into oil for cooking and (a parallel to the case of eating bran for constipation) you may buy pythin, a phosphorous compound made from corn, to aid the digestion of those suffering from lack of phosphorous due to eating refined cereals.

You run in a closed circle and you pay for it. The consumer pays to have grain milled and separated and then pays a higher price for each single part than it is worth. Finally the consumer pays in medicine and nerves for the ills caused by eating an unnatural refined food.

There's not one of us that has not at some time eaten cornflakes, puffed rice and many prepared breakfast foods. And I venture not one of us knew at the time that we were paying 68c per pound for puffed wheat worth 2½c; or 22c for a prepared cereal that cost 1½c without the package. The extra pennies paid for national advertising and distribution.

It is hard to realize that even if packaged cereals cost less than wheat or corn or oat grains, they would not be desirable foods, for they are not a superior product. Many breakfast cereals are by-products of the milling industry. They are nearly always food in very concentrated form, bran being the roughage necessary in combination with other parts of the grain, but like-

ly to irritate the stomach and digestive system when eaten alone. Flaked and puffed cereals, on the other hand, are almost nothing but starch. Sometime eat a potato instead of your soup, potatoes for the entree, a little potato for a salad and a potato for dessert, and you will get some idea of what an all-starch refined flour product is like.

White flour is universally sold because advertising has created a demand for it, and because of the old-fashioned notion that only peasants eat black bread. It is important to the milling industry to remove the nutritive and bulky outer parts of wheat, and thus preserve it during long periods of distribution. Patent flour keeps on the grocer's shelf much longer, for all the vital living parts of the wheat have been refined out of it.

If you find that whole wheat flour is a very small portion of the output of a modern mill, here's what you can do. You can mill flour in your own home.

Home milling is useful and necessary, and it is easy. Enough flour can be ground very quickly in a small electric mill to supply your weekly needs. Here are the figures: the average fam-

ily's total consumption of wheat, corn, breakfast foods and other cereals such as rice, tapioca, spaghetti and noodles is 838 pounds a year. The retail price for this amount is \$40.75, while the cost if you grind it at home is \$18.77, a saving of about \$22 a year. Home milled flour costs about 2c a pound, as against 4c to 6c a pound in retail packages, or higher, depending on the quantity bought at one time. You can do the grinding in 32 hours per year, thus earning through saving something like 68c per hour.

The cost of equipment for home grinding as practiced by the School of Living at Suffern, N. Y., is \$22 for an electric motor and \$15 for a hopper large enough to hold 100 pounds of wheat and 100 pounds of corn. Grain cannot be bought economically in smaller quantities. Thirty-seven dollars may seem to you a large investment for the preparation of one food product. But experiments show that the home mill pays for itself in less than two years' time, including full operating costs such as repairs and electricity. Hand mills sell for about \$2.50 but require more time and effort.

Mother's Way

He criticized her pudding, he didn't like her cake; he wished she'd make the biscuit his mother used to make; she didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew; and she didn't darn his stockings like his mother used to do.

So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through, she turned and boxed his ears, just like mother used to do.

From *The Southern Cross* (15 Feb. '39).

Mary Was a Jewess

Where to draw the line

By PAUL HANLY FURFEY

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

The precise thing which makes anti-Semitism is not criticism of *some* Jews, but criticism of *all* Jews and precisely *because* they are Jews. It would not, therefore, be anti-Semitic to say that many Jews are Communists and that we must therefore vigorously oppose them; for the same statement might be made of many redheads or many insomniacs. Again, it would betray no prejudice if one should say that many Jews are characterized by an inordinate love of money and by devotion to the tenets of our present *laissez-faire* capitalism; for after all, the same statement might be made of a great many Americans. It would not be anti-Semitic to say that some Jews are unclean, unrefined, and vulgar, because, of course, the same thing might be said of any race or nationality which numbers slum dwellers among its members.

No fair-minded Jew will object to criticism of members of his race, or groups within his race, for their actual faults. In fact, he probably feels the same disgust, no more and no less, in regard to these Jews that non-Jews feel. As long as the ordinary precepts of charity and justice are observed, we are quite as free to criticize Jews as the members of any other race or class. To

do so is not to be anti-Semitic.

The calumny begins when we ascribe these faults, not to those Jews who are actually guilty of them, but to all Jews. It is a calumny, for example, to say that Jews in general are Communists, that Jews in general are vulgar, or avaricious. These statements are slanderous because they simply are not so. The most elementary observation is enough to show any fair-minded inquirer that Jews differ just as widely among themselves as do Frenchmen, or blondes, or tennis players. There are stupid and ignorant Jews, and there are geniuses like Einstein. There are vulgar Jews, and there are great musicians like Mendelssohn. There are avaricious Jews, and there are Jews of extraordinary generosity. This being the case, it is just as stupid and unfair to say that all Jews are Communists as to say that all deaf men are Communists.

Sometimes the calumny takes a more subtle form. The calumniator does not speak, but merely implies, his lie. He recounts some discreditable fact about an individual, and then adds, "But of course he is a Jew, so what could you expect?" Here nothing is stated; but a great deal is implied. It is implied, in fact, that all Jews have the odious

*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. April, 1939.

characteristic in question. Even when one says, for example, "I don't like to go to such and such a beach resort; there are too many Jews there," it is an implied slander; for one thus implies that Jews, by the very fact of being Jews, are disagreeable companions. If one should say, "I don't like the particular type of person who goes to this resort," or even, "I don't like the particular type of Jew who goes to this resort," then it would be another matter. One would not, then, be implying a lie against the whole race. Unfortunately, however, anti-Semites do not make these distinctions. They thrive on innuendo and indirection. Often without making a single explicit statement to which one might take exception, they manage to spew forth the

venom of their sinful prejudice.

Catholics ought to be turned against anti-Semitism not only by the logic of justice, but also by certain cogent reasons of loyalty. For as soon as one states or implies that all Jews, by the very fact of being Jews, are odious, then one automatically includes in that generalization a great many sacred names which we, as Catholics, must hold in veneration, names made familiar by the New Testament.

We must be vividly conscious, therefore, that whenever a person slanders Jews in general, and not just particular Jews, one necessarily slanders among others, our blessed Lady. For the Queen of Heaven was a Jewish girl. Any statement made against her race is made also against her.



From Him Who Hath...

I have a confession to make to you. A man came in the other day who needed some shoes. Fortunately, we had a pair which just fitted him. His old pair were all right but several sizes too small, so I told him to be sure to leave them for us to pass on to somebody else. As he sat there in the office changing, he apologized for his socks which were full of holes. For the last week a Christmas present for you beautifully wrapped in tissue paper and tied up in red ribbon had been resting on my desk. It felt like socks, and tearing open the corner, and finding that it was socks, I knew you would not mind if I gave your present to our brother in Christ. I hope Frances Tamke, who gave you the socks, will not mind either. There were two pairs, and I have saved one for you. They may, or may not, be here when you get back.

A letter to Peter Maurin from Dorothy Day in the *Catholic Worker* (Jan. '39).

A Question of Degree

Tailor-made honors

By JOHN DESMOND SHERIDAN

Condensed from *Father Mathew Record**

A friend of mine, who spent some time in India, tells me that there are three different kinds of B.A. degrees in that vast, sensible country—the Honors, the Pass, and the Fail. The first two are awarded by the universities, the third is appropriated by chap-pies who failed in their final. I hope that my friend is not pulling my leg. He assures me that he is not, and that the degree “B.A. (Failed)” is to be seen on many a brass nameplate in Calcutta and Bombay.

If this is really so, then I am all for Ghandi and the Ganges. I acclaim the ruthless logic of the East. To the Indian, a degree is simply a label. He can see no point or justice in a convention which makes no distinction between those who fail to pass an examination and those who do not even sit for it.

But with us, I am afraid, the university degree is more often a boast than a label, for a label is no longer a label when it is used in the wrong place. If I break my leg I want to meet Dr. So-and-So, and am glad to know that he *is* a doctor; but if I visit my friends I want to meet unlabelled human beings. There is no reason why a casual introduction should take any account of professional status

or of simple academic honors.

I fail to see, too, why letters should be tagged on to names on envelopes and visiting cards, or in telephone directories and “amongst those present.” If we must have our labels, why not go the whole hog? Why have this privilege confined to those who have had their photographs taken in caps and gowns?

Life might be more colorful, and certainly not less logical, if newspaper accounts of public functions were worded something like this: “The attendance included Mr. Alpha, M.A., D.Sc.; Mr. Beta, P.O. (190 lbs., 7 oz.); Mr. Gamma, R.H. & S.T. (Red Hair and Striped Trousers); Mr. Delta, H.H. (Hard Hat); Mr. Pickwick, P.P.C. (think this one out for yourself); Mr. Micawber, (runner-up in local Horticultural Society’s annual competition for early marrows); Mr. Chips, B.A. (Failed); Mr. George Bernard Shaw, A.G. (Admitted Genius), etc., etc.”

I knew a man once who solved this degree problem in a darlin’ way. (This is a true story.) He was a very successful man, as successful men go. He was self-made but no jerry-builder. Beginning from less than scratch, he passed from poverty to wealth by his

*Church St., Dublin N. W. 8, Ireland. February, 1939.

own unaided efforts. He was widely-read, he had a sense of humor, he was a man of importance in his adopted city, and he had more money than he knew what to do with—but he had no degree.

So he got one. It appeared after his name in accounts of funerals, banquets, and meetings—Mr. X., *P.R.F.C.* No one knew what the letters meant.

He died at length, full of years and honors, and got wonderful obituary notices in all the papers, headed as

usual by his name and the mystic letters. And mystic they remained until some years after his death. Then one of his friends remembered that Mr. X. had been president of R — — Football Club!

There may be some consolation in having after your name letters which are intelligible to the general public; but there must be a wild Chestertonian fun in inventing and using a degree which cannot be either interpreted or challenged.



Papal Addition

One day, it is related in *Golden Rules*, the Abbot Elias of Isauria wrote to Pope St. Gregory the Great, whose charity had helped the Abbot's monastery in many a need, "Please send me some Gospel books and \$50."

He went on with his letter, writing about other things, when the thought struck him that he had asked for too much. So he repeated his request, with this change, "Please send me some Gospel books and \$40."

Before he got to the end of the letter he was afraid he was still asking for too much, and so at the end of the letter he wrote, "With regard to our needs, perhaps we can get along if you send us \$30."

In answer, Gregory wrote, "We send you herewith the Gospel books. As to the \$50 which you asked for the needs of your convent, you thought the sum was too much and you deducted \$10; and still thinking you were asking too much you subtracted another \$10, in the end asking for only \$30. Now, as you were so generous, we must not be less so. Therefore, we are sending you herewith \$50; but being afraid that this sum may not be sufficient for your needs, we send \$10 more; being still apprehensive that even this amount may be insufficient, we have added \$10 more. We thank you for the great affection and confidence you have shown us."

The Search for Radium

Needle in several haystacks

By JAMES A. COWAN

Condensed from *St. Joseph Lilies**

For the last five years, everyone connected with one of the unusual industries of Canada has been bending every effort to increase production. To double output would not satisfy them; to triple it would be only a start. They set out to increase it 50 times. Now, in 1939, they see their goal in sight. So they are already planning a new, greater objective.

The industry is the radium industry. It was only in 1930 that the rich and very large reserves of the needed raw material, pitchblende, were discovered by Gilbert LaBine in the Canadian sub-Arctic. They were in uninhabited country, 1,700 miles by water from the nearest railroad. For the first building, not even nails were available. Gangs of men dragged in the required logs by hand.

Today, on that spot, living in the modern community of Eldorado, North West Territory, the pioneering workers of America's most northerly industry work 24 hours a day mining and processing the ore. The great green-and-gold Radium Silver Express flies the route to the Arctic rim from Edmonton, Alberta, every few days. In the short navigation season, squat and powerful Diesel tugs move barge-load after barge-load of concentrated

radium ore to the end of the railroad, from which point it is hauled to Port Hope, Ontario.

There, in a modern refinery under the direction of the French scientist, Marcel Pochon, the long and painstaking processes of making radium for the war against cancer are completed, and the tiny tubes of powder go to government laboratories for checking, measuring and examination.

Rare and precious though the element is, there are no accurate statistics on radium. When this Canadian find was made, it was estimated that 25 ounces or less of radium was then in existence. If that is so, then the industry founded on this recent discovery now has facilities to double this amount in seven years—and it is rapidly moving towards full production.

Mine, mill, plane, ships and refinery are all parts of one organization with a name which gives no clue to its activities. Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd., produces no gold but a substance 20,000 times more valuable, and much more than 20,000 times more difficult to find in commercial amounts. Recognition of the necessity of getting radium, at an economic price, into the hands of hospitals and clinics was a prime factor in speeding the develop-

**St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Ont., Canada. March, 1939.*

ment of the radium industry.

Pitchblende is a tricky as well as rare (and, in 1930 little known) material. Efficient ways of treating it had to be discovered. Endless months were spent in experimentation with the help of government scientists at Ottawa. Ultimately, this stage of the battle was won. Surprising as it may seem, radium alone cannot be produced at a profit and this is particularly true now that the Canadian output has more than cut the price in half.

Nature made provision for this situation. The element is found with commercially valuable companions, such as uranium (mother of radium, widely used in the ceramic and glass industries), and in this instance, silver, lead, copper and other minerals. But that also means that the processes used in refining radium must involve the separation and recovery of these other products as well.

In the sub-Arctic mill on Great Bear Lake, the ore is concentrated. The valuable portions of it are extracted and the 100 tons hoisted to the surface each day become slightly more than two tons. Even that amount will contain but an infinitesimal pinch of radium, although the original ore is the richest source of the element ever located. Completion of the extracting job means weeks of work and, for every ton of this highly-concentrated ore, three or four tons of chemicals are needed. The cost of moving a huge tonnage of

acids, alkalis and other chemicals up into the Arctic would be prohibitive. The ore, therefore, is moved to where the chemicals are.

The quiet, old-fashioned town from which half the world's new radium now comes is suitably named Port Hope. It is a cluster of modern streamlined buildings around a \$1,000,000 plant; but the basic method of refining radium is still the slow and painstaking one which the Curies years ago developed in their laboratory.

The refining processes fall into two distinct sets of operations. First, the other materials are separated from the radium material, one by one. First, the uranium, more than 100 tons of it for every gram of radium. Then such things as the silver and radio-active lead containing radium D.

During these operations every precaution must be taken to prevent the loss of this irreplaceable substance. Even in the richest natural ore known, greatly concentrated, the amounts are so small as to be beyond ordinary methods of measurement. Radium has a chemical twin, barium, and where barium goes, there will the radium be. So for each part of radium, 400,000 parts of barium are added so that the material may be seen and handled.

The second set of operations is that of coaxing the radium away from its affinity. This is done bit by bit. A series of barium-radium crystals is produced, each richer in radium than its

predecessor. The amount grows smaller and smaller till at last it is handled in a tiny dish of pure silica only an inch and a quarter across. At last, the crystals are 90% radium. There is no pure radium. It was produced once only, by Madame Curie, and it proved so hard to handle that she was glad to get it back again into a slightly impure and better-behaved state.

At the Port Hope refinery, the radium is sealed in tiny glass needles about the size of a match. These are placed in heavy lead cartridges after the salts have been given 30 days to "grow." When the strength and purity have been measured by the National Research Council, the radium is ready to be placed in needles to begin its enormous life of service to the afflicted.

To the scientist who has studied radium, it is a valuable substance rather than a costly one. There is a great difference. Many things are costly without being valuable. The value is due not only to its rarity, to the arduous job of obtaining and processing it, or even to its ability to serve humanity. Rather, it is because it is a product of almost incredible durability. Radium gives off its curative rays steadily, without interruption, and at a rate no human power can alter. Its half life is 1,590 years which means, in effect, that new radium of 1939 will still retain half its strength in the year 3529 and be good for ages after that. Radium placed in service in hospitals and clinics today will still be at work 15 centuries from now.



Odds and Ends

Bridal. It is really *bride ale*. The extensive use of ale at weddings caused the word to be given to the celebration as well as to the drink itself. And, by the way, noon is the traditional hour for a wedding ceremony, because, in the olden days in England the bridegroom could not be relied upon to be sober any later in the day than noon.

Saltcellar. For a long time salt was a valuable and highly prized commodity. The salt stand on the Saxon table separated the lord of the house, and those who shared his salt as guests, from those who earned their salt. The Normans had the same custom, and their word for salt stand was *saliere*, which was corrupted by the Saxons into "cellar."

Sirloin. There is a humorous tradition that, on a certain occasion, Charles II of England was delighted with a juicy roast of beef. In the enthusiasm of the moment he exclaimed, "This joint deserves knighthood. From this time forth be this cut known as 'Sir Loin.'" To be accurate, however, the word is from the French *sur*, meaning over, and the English "loin," the part of the animal behind the small ribs.

A. Kennedy in *St. Joseph Lilies* (March '39).

How To Get Married

Condensed from the *Religious Bulletin**

If possible, keep your head

The first rule for marriage is so thoroughly the most important that it contains all the rest. While marriage should be an affair of the mind, it is often merely an affair of the heart; so, if possible, keep your head.

"Love is blind." Perhaps it is just as well. There would not be many marriages if this were not so.

"There's no fool like an old fool." Puppy love is more dangerous at 80 than at eight.

"Beauty may not be more than skin-deep, but it's mighty handy for a girl that ain't got no brains." This wise-crack of Abe Martin's should be tacked up on your wall; better still, write it on your girl's picture, where you'll read it oftener. If her beauty intoxicates you, take a good look at her grandmother.

Let reason check up on your emotions. The emotions are God-given gifts, and they give impetus to many of the good things in life, but God never intended that they should stand superior to reason. While emotion generally gives the first impulse to love, it must be checked by reason, because divorce courts are full of the fruits of unchecked emotions.

Instinct suffices for the mating of animals, because theirs is not a spiritual union. On the subjective side, the

most important quest in marriage is the happiness produced by the harmonious blending of spiritual qualities. Have your golden wedding in mind when you pick a wife. Will she be the kind of grandmother that kids will like to romp with?

An old practical philosopher who has contracted three happy marriages said recently, "The trouble with young folks nowadays is that when they think about marriage the only thing they have in mind is the one thing they shouldn't have in mind at all."

Unless you are going into vaudeville you will want more than a dancing partner for a wife.

Many a girl nowadays is a good cocktail-mixer, but that is a liability instead of an asset because she might run off and get a good job as a bartender. If possible, keep your head.

"I reckon one reason why marriages lasted better in the old days was because a bride didn't look like a stranger after she washed her face," says Aunt Het.

"Love is a recent discovery," wrote Coventry Patmore, "and requires a new law. Easy divorce is the vulgar solution. The true solution is some undiscovered security for true marriage."

If possible, keep your head.

**Notre Dame, Ind. March 13, 1939.*

The Wolf and the Lamb

Who lays down whose life

By TIMOTHY CHAMPOUX

Condensed from the *Michaelman**

If an animal were to embody the spirit of a people I should think, at least from a Christian viewpoint, the lamb would be preferable. I know of no animal I like better. Dogs can be very faithful, but they can be nasty too. I have heard a lot of incriminating stories on the police dogs, and I detest cats. The ass has the distinction of having carried the Lord, but for all that he did not cease to be an ass. Among animals, in my humble opinion, the lamb holds first place. He is a real Biblical beast. Did not Isaias say that Christ would go to the slaughter as a lamb? And did not St. John point Christ out to his disciples as the Lamb of God?

The lamb has that meekness, that Christian spirit of forbearance and long suffering, that should mark a truly Christian people. I have often heard that the lamb could be beaten without uttering so much as a whimper. It was only a few years ago that I could verify it. They were shearing some sheep on my cousin's farm in Ireland. I witnessed the operation. I noticed that the crude shears left deep gashes in the flesh of the innocent beasts. They never whimpered.

The wolf is the antithesis of the lamb. No one would have a wolf for

a pet. Even the Alsatian and the Husky are the less amiable and more dangerous for their wolf blood. The bleating of the lamb is pathetic. The yelping of the wolf pack is terrifying. Whereas the lamb is a harmless, lovable creature, the wolf is cunning and rapacious. He is an enemy of both hunter and farmer. So when the philosophy of a nation is clothed in the hide of a wolf it is indicative of how far it has strayed from the fleece of Christianity.

The wolves run in packs. They terrify with a show of fangs. I have never known of anyone breeding wolves. But I'm not so sure this isn't the objective of the dictators. When you see lads of seven and eight sporting rifles with extended bayonets, you begin to wonder. But when you hear proud mothers referring to their infants as "children of the wolf," you cease to wonder. A fang for a fang is a long way from the golden rule and an infinite distance from turning the other cheek. These great military and naval *riviste*, with endless streams of infantry, cavalry, artillery, submariners and floating fortresses, look to me like a show of fangs.

A lamb has little chance with a wolf. Austria found that out. But then Christ chose to be a lamb before the

*St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt. Winter, 1939.

Roman Pilate when He might have been the Lion of Juda.

If there is to be any choice of leaders, give me the Good Shepherd. I don't say that all the dictators are mercenaries. Nor would I say that they are all wolves in sheep's clothing. I like the man in Portugal and I must confess my admiration for the Duce in many respects. The Good Shepherd laid down His life for His sheep. Would the dictators die for their sheep? Yes, I think they would—but I'm inclined to think that they'd see a lot of sheep slaughtered first. At any rate, they are not taking any chances. To date they are enjoying the best of health and are seeing to it that the guards are not heavy with sleep.

The doctrine of at least one totalitarian state is expressed in the fasces. As you know, the fasces is a bundle of rods tightly bound together with the blade of an ax protruding conspicuously. In old Rome, this was carried by the Lictors as a symbol of authority. Authority to be effective must be armed with coercive power. That's but reasonable. The ax of the fasces, however, is a little too conspicuous. The victims of the purges came to realize that. Now dead, they are not telling anyone about it. They are not quite so fortunate as Lazarus, who was brought back to life. Finally, I might add that the rods are kept too close to the ballot box. The Fascists don't believe in sparing the rods

in the polling places of Italy.

The fasces may have served well in pagan Rome. I, for one, prefer the Cross. The fasces are self-centered, ego-centric. They bespeak national selfishness, self-sufficiency, isolation, nationalism and independence. The Cross spreads out its arms; like Bernini's colonnade reaching out from St. Peter's, it wants to embrace all the peoples of the world. It stands for universal brotherhood. It is not associated with any ax (except the Jewish ax that hewed it), yet it was able to cut the bonds that held the human race in the fasces of Satan. It symbolizes liberty. Do I hear someone say that even a cross can signify slavery? Ah, yes! But first it must be distorted into the swastika. Its arms have to be contracted and bent under pressure. Then it looks ominously like the handles of the ancient rack that dislocated so many Christian limbs.

The Apocalyptic Lamb opened the seven seals of the Book of Life. He did not muzzle the press. I notice that the dogs of Rome, from the most insignificant Pomeranian to the mammoth Dane, are all well muzzled. Such is the law. However, I don't think it's right to make the press lead a dog's life. It is too bad when the press of a Catholic nation cannot let out a little yelp now and then when brother Catholics are being ground under the hobnailed boots of political allies who live next door.

Really, I should not be talking this way. Fascist Italy has been good to me. I have been respected here. I have enjoyed a security here that is enjoyed in few countries of Europe. Fascism has wrought great things both for the Italian people and for the Church of Italy. Still it is not a Christian philosophy of state. There are some things that are more precious than even material prosperity. Ireland has always

thought so. The danger now is that when Mother Wolf dies, as even wolves must do, the next one may not be so motherly. But as the Holy Father said, the future is not in the hands of man. It is in the hands of God. We may trust, then, that when the time is ripe, another Faustulus will come to take the twins from their unnatural mother and bring them to his little hut on the banks of the Tiber.



Theory

The instance cannot be found in the history of mankind in which an anti-Christian power could long abstain from persecuting.

Cardinal Newman in *Oxford University Sermons*.



Practice

In 1852 a block of marble arrived in Washington, D. C., a gift of the Pope to the American people, and intended for the Washington monument, then under construction. Objections immediately arose; one pamphlet, *The Pope's Stratagem: "Rome to Americal" An Address to the Protestants of the U. S., Against Placing the Pope's Block of Marble in the Washington Monument*, urged Protestants to hold indignation meetings and contribute another block to be placed next to the Pope's "bearing an inscription by which all men may see that we are awake to the hypocrisy and schemes of that designing, crafty, subtle, farseeing and far-reaching Power, which is ever grasping after the whole world, to sway its iron sceptre, with bloodstained hands, over the millions of its inhabitants." A number of these meetings were held, resentment steadily mounted, and finally, in the spring of 1854, a mob forced its way into the shed where the Pope's gift was stored, secured the block, and threw it into the Potomac.

From *The Protestant Crusade* by Ray Allen Billington (Macmillan, 1938).

The Battle of Lepanto

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Don John of Austria is riding to the sea

Condensed from *Thought**

The greatest naval battle in the history of Europe decided that the Cross of Christ should continue to dominate St. Peter's; that Rome should not fall as had Constantinople to the savagely barbarous Turk.

How is it then that so tremendous a crisis in the story of Europe has been lost sight of? The reason is not far to seek. English-speaking countries have been brought up on English histories. And English-written histories have ignored Lepanto. This struggle to save Europe for Christianity was waged wholly by Italians and Spaniards. What conceivable interest could a battle fought in the 16th century by Italians, Spaniards and Turks have for English historians?

The gentle Cardinal Newman expressed wonder that the English historian, Creasy, should have omitted Lepanto from his *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*. Our American historical traditions share perforce the ignorance of our English traditions. Not until the last quarter of the 19th century was there written an adequate English history of the battle and its hero, Don John of Austria. And to Chesterton in our own day was reserved the honor of contributing to English poetry the dramatic story of

this great fight and its guiding genius.

The naval action of Lepanto was fought at the mouth of the Gulf of Patras on October 7, 1571. Schiller has called that period, the last half of the 16th century, the supreme moment of Europe. The father of the hero of Lepanto, Charles V, greatest of the Holy Roman Emperors since Charlemagne, had abdicated and retired to a Spanish monastery to reflect on death and judgment. Elizabeth on the English throne and under Burghley's influence, was busy intriguing for the neck of Mary, Queen of Scots. France, in the toils of Catherine de Medici with her puppet Charles on the throne, had no more real interest than Elizabeth in the preservation of Christianity.

The Turk, made insolent and arrogant by three centuries of successful inroads into southeastern Europe, now threatened to climax his barbaric conquests by the subjugation of Italy and Spain. Had he succeeded in this design he would in all human probability have made himself master of Europe. He had long since trampled the Greek underfoot and had lately wrested from Venice the last pearl in her far-flung Levantine diadem.

Victory after victory had followed

* 329 W. 108th St., New York City. March, 1939.

the Turkish arms. A resumé of his conquests up to 1562 would present only a distressing list of Balkan states, the names of which would mean little to us, but to those generations meant tens and even hundreds of thousands of Christians slaughtered and enslaved, their women carried away to horrible deaths, or to supply fresh strains of blood to the race of the conquerors. Small wonder that the Christians of Europe were stricken with dismay in facing a foe that numbered countless thousands of shrieking warriors and a foe never wearied, never discouraged, stimulated by defeat and maddened by victory.

At the moment of the death of the Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, the empire of the Turk extended in Europe almost to the frontiers of Germany. It embraced Hungary, commanded the Danube, included the Morea and except for the mountains of Montenegro and narrow Christian footholds along the Dalmatian coast, covered the entire Balkan peninsula. In Asia, though of less significance to us, the conquests of the Turk were no less amazing.

The sea power of these turbaned pirates, who would not hesitate to gnaw the skulls of their enemies, had risen with their land power. By 1562 they had made themselves hardy-disputed masters of the Levantine Mediterranean; of its important islands, Malta alone stood against them after

the fall of Cyprus in 1570.

Europe, in that very year, had in the providence of God, an extraordinary man in the chair of Peter, Pius V. After agonizing prayers, unnumbered entreaties and heart-breaking delays this aged Pontiff, himself victim of an excruciating physical malady, succeeded in uniting the crafty, but thoroughly frightened Venetians into a league with suspicious Spain and the generous princes of Italy, who all pledged themselves to make a last stand at sea against the enemy, now immediately threatening all of southern Europe.

The question of tremendous import before the allies was: who shall command the Christian fleet? Naturally, each power put forth its own champion for the coveted post. Philip II of Spain, who was committed in greater degree than any of the other powers to the success or failure of the momentous enterprise, suggested the name of his fledgling half-brother, Don John of Austria.

In their serious dilemma the League Powers had what Europe so tragically lacks today, an umpire to whom all could turn to decide their squabbles. This was the aged and infirm Pontiff, Pius V, and to him the decision was committed. The choice of this theologian fell, despite all precedent, on the young and hardly-yet-inured to warfare, Don John!

When the forces of the allied powers

had been declared complete, Don John passed them in review. More than 300 sail and 80,000 men were at hand. Spain had sent 90 galleys, 24 large ships and 50 frigates and brigantines. Of these galleys, three were from Malta and were manned by its Knights. And in those frightful four hours of bloodshed to come, when the hundreds of Christian galleys vied with one another in desperate bravery, none gave better account of themselves than those three galleys of the Prior of Malta. Venice supplied 106 galleys, six galeasses, two heavy ships and 20 frigates.

The galeass was the largest ship of its day and mounted 20 good guns. But it was huge and unwieldy. If the wind failed, it had to be towed into position by galleys and remained there helpless until moved again. Yet the galeasses gave a good account of themselves at Lepanto until the battle literally moved away from them.

The Pope, out of his scanty resources, sent 12 galleys and six frigates. But he sent with them the equal of 10,000 men, in the person of the commander, Marcantonio Colonna.

Of the troops of this formidable League armament, 8,000 were Spaniards, 6,000 Germans in the pay of the King of Spain, 5,000 Italians supplied by Venice, 2,000 by the Pope, and about 3,000 in minor bands, none exceeding 150 men, who were brought by Italian princes and noble volunteers.

At two o'clock on Sunday morning, October 7, 1571, Don John, smarting with impatience, again got under way. So strict were the orders for secrecy of movement and silence that the accidental discharge of a musket anywhere in the fleet meant death to the offender and the unauthorized discharge of a gun meant death to the commander of the vessel. At sunrise the fleet stood only three miles north of the Cuzarian Isles, which guard the entrance to the Gulf of Patras, within which, 40 miles to the east, the Gulf of Lepanto opens.

As it was Sunday, Mass was ordered celebrated throughout the fleet. Many armaments of land and sea have gone forth to battle under the name of Christian; few have so well deserved the name as that which deployed across the gulf under Don John of Austria. Before leaving Messina, Rome had asked that all men of evil or criminal lives, perverts and sodomites should be excluded from the sailing and, insofar as it had been humanly possible to judge, these orders had been carried out. The expedition, on which the hopes of all Christendom rested, had been solemnly placed at the outset under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Practically every vessel in the fleet bore an emblem or color displayed in her honor. And the hour had at last struck in which her devotees faced the deadliest and most formidable enemy that had ever confronted Eu-

rope and her Christian civilization.

Shortly after sunrise the fleet of the Holy League deployed across the face of the Gulf of Patras. Frigates had been dispatched to search for the enemy, but hardly had they turned back to report when the watch from a Genoese ship following close to the flagship of Don John reported three strange sails to the southeast. One by one, fresh reports from the maintops counted additional sails until, within 30 minutes, the entire Turkish fleet spread its white wings completely across the broad gulf, stretching from the northern rocks and shallows of Cape Scrophia to the southern lowlands of the Morea.

Without the loss of a second, Don John ordered his foresail hauled to the wind, a square green ensign run to the peak, and a gun to be fired. It was the signal to prepare for battle and a hoarse cheer echoed and re-echoed from ship to ship.

When the Turkish Armada neared the entrance to the gulf, the barbarians lashed their galley slaves at the oar. Ali Pasha counted in his center 95 galleys against 92 of Don John's. His right, led by Mahomet Scirocco, numbering 56 galleys, opposed Barbarigo and his Venetians; and his long left of 93 galleys, under the formidable Scaldhead, Aluch Ali, faced Doria and the Christian right. Yelling and screaming like madmen, the Turks came on. The challenge of battle, with usual 16th century formality, was fired

from the flagship, the *Royal*, and the blue standard of the League was unfurled from the maintop, revealing in its center, the figure of the crucified Christ.

The Turkish artillery was already wasting ammunition with much noise and smoke. But the honor of firing the actual opening shot for the Christians fell to Francisco Duode's Venetian galeass, *La Capitana*. The six galeasses were stationed nearly a mile in advance of the League line.

Duode's opening shot was effective. It was fired at the *Sultana*, Ali's flagship. The ball passing through the rigging, carried away a portion of the highest of the Pasha's five splendid lanterns of rank. His second shot split the poop of an adjoining galley; the third sank a dispatch frigate leaving the *Sultana* with orders. Four galeasses were soon pouring solid shot into the Turkish center and right wing.

Stunned by the galling fire, galleys of the Turkish center attempted to retire and reform: the Pasha angrily countermanded the movement. Seizing the tiller of the *Sultana* himself, he bore down on the center galeasses and sent his flagship past without exchanging a shot. Spurred by the heroic example, the yelling center, leaving crippled vessels behind, followed their undaunted commander.

Pushing ahead on the Turkish right wing, Mahomet Scirocco tried both to elude the galeasses and flank the Vene-

tians by passing between them and the north shoreline. Barbarigo, warned by Don John, scented the danger and tried to meet it. But Scirocco's pilots were more familiar than those of Barbarigo with the shoals of Cape Scropha and the Venetian guides dreaded the hidden rocks. Scirocco thus ran a number of galleys around the Venetian end and put Barbarigo, guarding the shore-end of his wing with his flagship, under a heavy cross-fire.

The brave son of St. Mark found his vessel assailed by eight Turkish vessels at once and as he shouted orders from his quarter-deck, he raised for an instant the visor of his helmet. A Turkish arrow pierced his right eye. His nephew, Marco Contarini, boarded the flagship with his men. Rushing to Barbarigo's side, Marco himself was slain and a hot fire swept the flagship's deck completely clear of defenders. The crisis was acute. Should the flagship be lost there would be grave danger that the whole left wing might be rolled up and Turkish victory assured. Bending every effort to overwhelm the Venetian prize vessel, the Turks in yelling hordes boarded it, Scirocco with his Janissaries leading. The Venetians, with cries of rage and defiance, resisted. Hand-to-hand butchery characterized the entire action of Lepanto.

At this moment, a noble Venetian, Frederigo Nani, assuming command by order of the fatally wounded Barbarigo,

rallied his men and in a terrific struggle beat back the Janissary butchers; it was a Janissary custom to fire one shot, throw away the matchlock and work with the knife. Scirocco was driven from Barbarigo's deck back to his own ship. Frenzied Venetians pursued him, slew his bodyguards and, rushing him to the gunwale of his galley, struck off his head.

Horror piled on horror. The nobles and fishermen of St. Mark's snatched off helmets and cast away shields, the better to cope with their hated butchers. Neither asking nor giving quarter, the struggle was arm to arm and eye to eye.

Many battles are fought; but military observers have agreed that the rarest event in battle is the crossing of bayonets. The bayonet at Lepanto was the clubbed musket, the scimitar, the sword to lop off arms and legs, the battle-ax crashing through skull and trunk, and the knife pouring the blood of 50,000 men into the waters of the gulf.

Panic of the Turkish right followed on the death of Scirocco. Such of his galleys as could escape the slaughter on the water grounded in order that their men jumping ashore might hide among the rocks. But the Venetians, pursuing, slew them pitilessly. One infuriated fisherman, armed only with a pointed stick, pierced his Turkish victim through the mouth and pinned him to the ground.

In the center, the battle raged with like fury. The foresight of the youthful Spanish commander in removing the forepeaks from the decks of his galleys now became apparent. At close range the forecastle guns of the Turks were of necessity elevating their shots and their balls were flying mostly over the heads of their enemy; while Don John's forecastle artillery was sending a deadly fire point-blank into the Ottoman hulls, the more murderous because the Turkish galleys were crammed above and below decks with fighting men. Both commanders had ordered their helmsmen to steer for the enemy flagship. At half a galley's length from the *Royal*, the *Sultana*, lunging ahead, fired three heavy guns in a rapid salvo. The first ball passed harmlessly above the *Royal* kitchen; the second splintered the long boat; the third tore through the prow gunwale.

The *Royal* answered with a concentrated fire that swept the *Sultana* amidships and carried away a part of the quarter-deck. The *Sultana* and the *Royal* then smashed into each other with terrific impact.

In the deafening crash, the prow of the *Sultana*, with the two entangled ships rocking violently, overrode the Spanish forecastle towering high above it; the galley peak tore through the rigging of the *Royal* until its beak poised above the fourth rowing bench. Ali Pasha carried on the *Sultana* 400 picked Janissaries, 300 armed with the

arquebus, 100 with the bow. Two galiots and ten galleys lay astern; the galiots were lashed to the *Sultana*, and equipped with ladders, up which fresh men could be fed as fast as needed.

To meet this force, Don John counted on the *Royal's* 300 arquebusiers. But the work of his forecastle artillery was unimpeded, thanks to the removal of all galley forepeaks. And his bulwarks, like those of his fleet, were protected from boarders by nettings, a precaution that the Pasha had neglected. Resquesens lay astern with two galleys from which he fed fresh warriors to the *Royal* as needed.

The battle between the flagships, gallantly contested, lasted an hour and a half. Twice the deck of the *Sultana* was swept clear of defenders; twice the Sardegnian boarders of Don John reached the *Sultana's* main mast only to be driven back by Ali Pasha, heading his Janissaries. In a third assault, the Sardegnians fought their way to the poop; again the desperate Pasha led his men against them—this time in vain. Conscious of impending defeat, he cast into the sea a small box of precious jewels; and struck by a musket ball in the forehead, fell forward on the gangway. Accounts of his death differ; but all recount that his head was struck off by a soldier before Don John could save his life. He was a brave man, gentle with his slaves, and deserved a kinder fate. The *Sultana* soon surrendered.

A Turkish attempt to recover their flagship and capture Don John was well disposed of by Resquesens, Marquis of Santa Cruz, with the reserves. He sank one galley. He boarded a second and there put the entire force of Janissaries to the sword. Don John himself accounted for his remaining assailants; and animated by their dashing leaders, the Christian captains on every hand performed prodigies of valor. An equally brave few went down with their galleys fighting literally to the last man.

The right wing of the Christians fronting the Turkish left had a different story to tell. Gianandrea Doria, crafty Genoese mariner, was opposed by the craftier Algerene captain, Aluch Ali—the Scaldhead. Aluch Ali with his 93 galleys and galiots had steered well to his left (the south). Doria, conceiving that the corsair meant to run around and flank the Christian right end, followed him. This opened a dangerous gap between Doria's division and Don John's center. The wary commander-in-chief surveying his line saw at the opening of the battle the double movement and sent a frigate to warn Doria of his peril. But the distance of three miles was too great for the frigate to cover in time and the damage was thus done.

The wily Algerene, having opened to his satisfaction the gap in the Christian line, whirled back like a hawk. He bore into the opening with the

swiftness of lightning and passing through it, with most of his galleys, placed himself in the Christian rear.

It was a fearful crisis, and gave the Turk his sole chance of victory for the day. The extreme right of the Christian center was held by Prior Gustiniana of the Knights of Malta with three Maltese galleys. Aluch boasted of being the scourge of the Maltese Order of Knighthood. Having at one time captured a knight, he called periodically for his victim, "dog of St. John," and ordered him lashed up to 300 strokes for his own sheer enjoyment.

This beast of prey now fell from the rear, with all his fury, on the unhappy prior. The Maltese commander had already captured four Turkish galleys, but his three battle-torn galleys were no match for the fresh galleys of Aluch. The knights and their men defended themselves with the bravery of their order. A Saragozen knight, riddled with arrows, fought with such desperation as to frighten even the furious Algerians who dared not approach him until he fell dead.

Countless instances of such valor are recorded in the Venetian and Spanish records of Lepanto. A Burgundy knight leaped alone into an enemy galley and killed four Turks before he was overpowered. On board the Maltese flagship, *Capitana de Malta*, the prior himself, pierced by five arrows, was sole survivor, save a Spanish

knight with both legs broken and a Sicilian with one arm chopped off by a battle-ax. Aluch secured the coveted banner of St. John, took the prior's ship in tow and perceiving the battle hopeless, steered for Algiers. *Suave qui peuit!*

But the alert Marquis of Santa Cruz, cruising with his reserve galleys to strengthen weak points in the Christian line, descried the fleeing corsair. He gave chase. Aluch cut loose the prize galley and escaped by lashing his slaves at the oars. The bewildered prior, sorely wounded, found himself again in the hands of his friends, again possessed of his flagship and of the 300 dead Algerenes who cumbered his deck, a few living Algerene mariners to navigate the vessel, and a handful of Turkish prisoners from whom he had just purchased his own life!

Such were some of the deplorable results of Doria's blunder. But the argus-eyed Don John, once free from his center enemies, steered with all speed to the aid of his crippled right wing. The Turks, at the approach of his formidable squadron, took to their heels. Sixteen of the Algerene galleys retired together and emulating the tactics of Aluch endeavored to sweep around and again flank the Christian line.

A great hero and a favorite of Don John's, Don Juan de Cardona, perceiving their intent, faced them with eight galleys. Their encounter was

among the bloodiest of the furious battle. Cardona with his eight, whipped the Algerene 16, disabling some and putting the others to flight.

The price was heavy. His galley was left a ruin, his forecastle was shot to pieces, defenses of every kind were shattered and his masts and spars bristled with Turkish arrows. The crowning tragedy was the death of Don Juan de Cardona himself. And of his 500 Sicilian soldiers, 450 were either killed or wounded. These isolated instances convey some idea of the fearful struggle for victory at Lepanto.

Nothing but the most tremendous defense could have coped with the ferocity of the Turkish onslaught. A Savoyard galley lost her commander and every soldier and rower. On a Roman galley, the captain, a Medici, out of his hundreds of fighting men, found himself in the final hour commanding 17 wounded seamen. In a second Roman galley, every soldier was killed; the rowing benches were manned by dead men and the captain, with two musket balls in his neck, lay dead on the quarter-deck.

In this gigantic whirlpool of blood there was, after the first shock of the two lines, no longer order or formation; no right, no left, no center. De La Graviere has stamped the spectacle with the right word—it was a *melee*. Stirling-Maxwell describes it as *episodic*—so it was. A galley, or two or three of them together, pouncing on

an enemy galley: for them the actual battle of Lepanto was fought then and there. Multiply such instances by a hundred and you have the Lepanto battle of history.

Of all the Turkish chiefs but two remained, the Seraskier Pertau Pasha and the slippery Aluch Ali. Of the vast Turkish fleet that sunrise had beheld spreading its white wings far across the waters of the gulf, only 30 galleys, all badly punished, escaped. Ninety-nine were sunk in the gulf or were burned by Venetians after they had been grounded. One hundred and seventy-eight remained in the hands of the victors, and 15,000 Christian galley slaves, mad with joy, were freed from the Turkish oar.

For more than 100 years the Turk had struck continuous terror into the heart of Europe. Within four hours, Don John of Austria struck a lasting terror into the heart of the Turk. Lepanto was the first signal naval reverse suffered by the Turk in his insolent and arrogant campaign to overrun Europe. After Lepanto, the invader was frightened as he had never been frightened before.

The thunder of the guns at Lepanto was heard as far north as Paxos. For days the sea was strewn with the dead and bodies of the slain floated as far

as the distant island of Crete.

In the day of Lepanto it was notoriously difficult to estimate with any degree of certitude losses in battle. The loss of the Christians in the fight could be fairly well arrived at. They lost in killed nearly 8,000 men and of their 15,000 wounded, lack of attendance and poisoned arrows took 2,500 more lives.

The Turkish loss in killed, wounded and prisoners has been computed by various historians at from 22,000 to 43,000. But taking the highest estimate: if the Turk went into battle with 300 odd ships and 120,000 men, a number he could easily carry—how could 77,000 of his men escape in the panic flight of 30 galleys? The discrepancy is enormous. The wide disparity reflects the guesswork. Some writers list only the killed, some only the wounded. As to Turkish prisoners the number was easier to compute and seems to have been between 8,000 and 10,000.

Lepanto was a fatal check to the arrogance of the Turk. At noontide on October 7, 1571, he stood at the height of his military glory; four hours later he had suffered a repulse from which he never fully recovered; certainly not in time to insure the success of his centuried ambition.

♦

There is one argument that may be opposed to all the sophistries of unbelievers; no man ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed.

St. Thomas More.

International Brigades to Mexico

Nice neighbors next door

By JOHN E. KELLY

Condensed from *America**

In the early days of the Spanish War, the writer transmitted to a Federal official information relating to Soviet plans to establish an international Red army in western Europe, based on Catalonia, for use wherever Stalin contemplated conquest. The data was returned with a scornful penciled notation: "fantastic, impossible." Since then the International Brigades have written a grisly chapter of history; the Federal official remains discreetly silent.

In recent months, 16,000 members of the infamous Communist Brigades crossed into France, their path to the border marked by rapine and destruction. Crossing into France from Puigcerda, they dynamited the international bridge, although Franco's men were two hours away and no military objective was gained. Similarly, at the Mediterranean end of the shrinking Red front, Internationalists of the 13th Brigade burned the town of Port Bou at midnight, before they fled through the railway tunnel to France. When the callous murderers of the Bishop of Teruel are known, no doubt Internationalists will be found among them, for the 15th Brigade crossed the Pyrenees at the point where he was martyred.

The 11th to 15th Brigades, which crossed the Pyrenees, were composed almost exclusively of renegade Poles, Czechs, Italians, Austrians and Germans who could not go home. But this remnant of the International Red army must not be wasted: up from Red Spain rushed Andre Marty, Black Sea mutineer and deputy in the French Parliament, commander-in-chief of the International Brigades. Marty had a plan ready-made; he would relieve France of her dangerous guests and establish these troops within striking distance of their next objective. And so, the 16,000 men of the International Brigades are to go to Mexico, welcomed by Lazaro Cárdenas. The Mexican Indian may find that the foreign rattlesnakes are more vicious and dangerous to his personal safety than the native-grown Reds.

It needs no expert in the trends of these troubled times to see that the Brigades in Mexico, however disguised as land-loving peasants, constitute a menace to the U. S.

They will filter across our border to join their fellows who have returned to parade their uniforms in Times Square, to retake their places, without official protest or investigation, on the relief rolls. The net result is that we

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. March 25, 1939.

shall have the International Brigades here and on our border, ready to overthrow the U. S. system of government by violence.

More than the Red troops are moving to Mexico. Indalecio Prieto, Red "Minister of Defense," who deserted his post in the last months of 1938 to visit Chile and to instruct the newly elected Popular Front Government in the niceties of the class struggle, including no doubt the art of liquidation he so successfully practiced in Madrid, has purchased a large estate near Cuernavaca and will transport his fortune of millions of pesetas, francs and pounds sterling. (It would be rude to ask this defender of the proletariat, "Where did you get it, Señor?") No doubt, Señor Prieto will provide the brains for the Brigades' strategy, although he may meet competition from Leon Braunstein Trotsky, also residing in Mexico and avid for the recapture of the power once his.

It has been dinned into our ears that the Red government of Spain was "free, independent, democratic," serving the Spanish people only and having no connection with any other country in the world. The Red leaders must have been neglecting their reading recently, or perhaps the need for masks has passed, for suddenly we find the real estate holdings of the Spanish nation in the French empire, the consulates in Tangier and Lyons, are being sold by their custodians. It is an-

nounced that the proceeds, together with the furnishings of the buildings of the Spanish embassy in Paris, and shiploads of records and much of the personnel, will go to Mexico! There is no hope of regaining Spain; the Cross rises triumphant over the broken hammer and sickle. But the international Red army, finding a base in Mexico, must have a headquarters, funds and staff. All of these are to come from Red Spain via France. Lenin said, "Russia, Spain, then Mexico, then the U. S." His disciples follow faithfully the blueprint drawn by the master mind.

There is, to be sure, a slight hitch in the proceedings. The troops will go, some of the money has gone and there are millions of stolen funds in the possession of the late ambassadors of the fraudulent "Republic." Daladier does not care how much trouble the Internationalists cause us; he undoubtedly does not want them in France where they would constitute a weapon in the hands of Messrs. Marty, Cot and Leon Karfunkelstein Blum; he has to live on a common frontier with Christian Spain. Therefore, the embassy furnishings were seized at Bordeaux and the "Republic's" gold hoard of \$45,000,000 will remain in France pending legal adjudication.

Can we still believe, as we note the approach of the Communist shadow to our beloved land, that "it cannot happen here?"

But Never Adios!

Tribute to one who understands

By MARY LANIGAN HEALY

Condensed from *Light**

With the courtesy characteristic of their race, the members of a Mexican congregation never leave the church at the close of May devotions without a gracious good-night for the Lady upon whom they have come to call.

I look back to certain evenings with a group which nightly gathered at a small church in the Mexican residential section of Los Angeles. There was not only delightful edification in the experience but a deep and lasting pleasure that comes from participation in beauty. Incense, flowers and melody seemed to blend into a unified tribute to the Virgin and were as much a part of the May night as the stars that spangled the space between her and her singing children. With dark faces lifted, the mellow voices rose in the tender hymn: *Adios! Adios! Maria.*

The blessed Mother of God is not only extremely dear to the Mexican people; she is also tangibly near. To them, she is the lovely Lady, *muy simpatica*, to whom one may go for any favor, large or small; and whose kindly smile is won by a fervent little *gracias* or a fragrant spray of blossoms. She is the first to be noticed in times of joy, just as her sympathy is immediately sought in sorrow. Her protection

is solicited and its bestowal taken for granted. Quite simply she is accepted as her Son said she would be: as the Mother of man as well as of God.

During the month of May, every day is her feast day and is so observed. Devotions are well attended nightly and the traditional customs of paying her honor are maintained. These same customs have been carried on for innumerable years in Old Mexico, and were probably brought there from Spain, just as they have come from Mexico to the U. S.

One of the customs associated with May is the "taking" of a day by a family of the community. At the beginning of the month, after a great deal of bargaining, a schedule is drawn up in accordance with which 30 fortunate homes assume the happy task of decorating the church. Each day a new arrangement of flowers, papers and ribbons is achieved, every effort being bent toward surpassing the preceding day, and the preceding years. The neighborhood artists work late on the nights when their much solicited services are obtained. For even artists belong to families, and their art goes only to either very close friends or relatives. The entire day, from early morning Mass until the farewell hymn of

*407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. April, 1939.

the evening, belongs to the current sponsors and they are responsible for flowers, ushers, Mass-offering and choir.

Mary's Son must indeed be pleased with His house on the fragrant nights of May. Perhaps, with her, He smiles in affectionate understanding when He sees bouquets of flowers, decking the altar from foot to top, and arranged as frequently in Mason fruit jars as in silver vases.

Every small girl in the community nightly dons a white dress and veil and attends services with her arms laden with flowers. There is a pause between each decade of the rosary as the little damsels come up the aisle to present their bouquets at the foot of the altar. Sometimes the white veiled procession includes little ones so tiny that an anxious mother must direct and accompany her from the side aisle. The parent is quite oblivious of the occupants of the pews as she beams and nods at her *niña*, and her efforts are rewarded as each night the feet of her offspring become more confident in the walk that leads to Mary.

The congregation on any one of these evenings is a striking portrayal of every phase of the assimilation of a race into Americanism. There are the older folk garbed just as they were then when they first ventured into a strange country. Standing stolidly in the rear are the swarthy men, large

brimmed sombreros in hand, immobile faces partially hidden by the sweeping *mustachios* that are so dear to the Latin male. The old women, straight dark hair modestly covered with native *reboza*, pray with rapt devotion. Arms are sometimes extended in "Cross prayers" during the entire evening. Rosaries slip through work-gnarled hands; rosaries that have probably traveled mile after mile between the fingers of the grandmothers of these elderly women. The new generation is represented by the boys and girls whose dress and manner are as American as those in any other parish church in the city.

Yes, they are all there; grandparents, mothers, fathers and children. For a common parent is to be honored, a common mother; a mother whose heart understands prayers offered in Spanish or English or only mutely indicated within the sorrowing soul of the bewildered child of the immigrant.

Possibly Mary finds no greater delight on May evenings than in the scene enacted in the Mexican churches that pay her tribute. And as she hears the sweet song of reluctant farewell: *Adios! Adios! Maria*, she is probably glad that it is not truly *adios* from her Mexican children. Never *adios*, Maria, never good-bye. Just another way of saying: *Hasta mañana, Madre de Dios!*—Until tomorrow, Mother of God.

The Principles of Fascism

By CORNELIUS LUCEY

Condensed from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record**

Out of the welter of ideas and movements in post-War Italy, Fascism emerged. Its coming was sudden and unexpected. In 1919 it was still undreamt of. By the end of 1922 all Italy was in its grip. But a few years later it was successfully challenging Marxist leadership in the world revolutionary movement. Today it is for Marxists everywhere Public Enemy No. 1; in fact so fearsome has it become that the forces of the Left are ready to ally themselves with religion and democratic capitalism in their life-and-death struggle to stay its onward sweep.

What are the characteristic principles of the Fascist system? This is a question not so easy to answer, partly because so much of the current literature on the system is patently propagandist, partly because Fascism is on its own showing a creed of action rather than of abstract principles, and partly, too, because the Italy of Mussolini and the Germany of Hitler—the two great Fascist countries of the moment—differ in so many respects from each other. Besides, we must bear in mind that Fascism is a complex thing. It is, in fact, a political system, an economic regime and a philosophy of life all in one. It has to be examined under all these aspects, therefore, if we are

to have an adequate grasp of its essential outlines.

To the Marxist, Fascism is nothing more or less than state-supported capitalism of the worst type. Fascists themselves, however, flatly deny that they favor capital in any way as against labor. But when pressed to tell us what exactly Fascism does connote, they usually refuse to commit themselves to any formal definition. For them Fascism is first and foremost a movement, an emotional reaction, an attitude to life, rather than a synthesis of reasoned principles—their *credo* is in a leader and a party rather than in a program, and they find it easier to say what they stand against than what they stand for.

The conception of the nation as the supremely real and valuable thing in the world is the pith and kernel of the whole Fascist philosophy. What counts is the society that results from ties of blood, race, common abode, common history and common culture, namely, the nation. That nation is something above and beyond the individual men and women constituting it. Fascism endows the nation with a life beyond the span of any particular generation. To it the nation is an unbroken unity of successive generations, a mysti-

*41-42 Nassau St., Dublin, Ireland. March, 1939.

cal being charged with a mission all its own; as an organism, like all organisms, greater than the parts that go to make it up.

It is easy now to understand the Fascist preoccupation in each country with the ideas of racial purity, racial hygiene, racial culture, racial autonomy, long dead national heroes, etc. Fascism is simply nationalism run riot. It stands for the apotheosis of each distinct people with all their distinctive traits, traditions and aspirations. Hence, it cannot but be anxious to eliminate all traces of foreign influence from the national body corporate. In its eyes the internationalism preached by Communism is Communism's most detestable and unnatural heresy.

Fascism and Communism are both totalitarian. Ideologically the only difference between the Fascist totalitarian state and the Communist totalitarian state is that for the former, national well-being is the supreme value, whereas for the latter, economic well-being is all-important. The national well-being does, of course, include economic well-being as one of its essential constituents. But it is not exclusively economic nor, for that matter, exclusively materialistic. It includes cultural well-being, for instance. Above all, it includes the possession of great military power, prestige, economic self-sufficiency and whatever else makes a people feared and respected in the comity of nations.

Fascism rejects Rousseau's theory of popular sovereignty in favor of authoritarian government, or the dictatorship of the elite, as it is called. It does so on the triple assumption that the right to govern depends rather on the superior excellence of some party or leader than on the consent of the governed; that majority rule spells in practice rule by the strongest class in its own special interests to the neglect of the general interests of the nation as a whole; and finally, that parliamentary government is weak, unwieldy and unstable in comparison with dictatorial government. This substitution of what has come to be termed capacity rule for majority rule is the distinguishing mark of the Fascist state.

By capacity rule is meant rule by the elite, the elite being the supermen, the more perfervidly race-conscious members of the community. In practice, the Fascist party and the elite of each nation will be identical. That party is the living, active embodiment of the genius of their nation—all other parties can but represent sectional and selfish interests and are accordingly to be suppressed. Leadership in the party itself will fall naturally to the most forceful and nationally-minded member of the elite. The emergence of this leader, the elite of the elite, is mystically conceived and explained—he simply emerges and is recognized instinctively. Then as Duce, Führer, Leader, he becomes the sole source and

repository of power in the state. In fact, he is the government, omniscient, infallible and impeccable, deriving his authority to rule solely from his unique identification with the racial and national soul of his people and responsible to nobody for the exercise of that authority. "Justice and Hitler's will are one and the same thing," according to the well-known Nazi slogan.

Fascism, as we have said earlier, is professedly anti-intellectualist. It conceives of men as being born to act in response to instincts, emotional urges and intuitive convictions. Indeed, its leaders, particularly Hitler, have often proclaimed that their views and decisions are not reasoned out, but rather felt or seen intuitively to be right. Hence, we are not surprised that the answer to the question, "How are we to recognize those best fitted to rule?" is simply: "Their fitness is always self-evident." In practice, this means that the Leader and ruling caste prove themselves by their ability to reach and retain power. They rule because they are the better element in the nation; they prove they are the better element by the fact that they have been successful in obtaining power.

This principle of elite leadership applies to the community of nations no less than to the community within each country. Just as there is an elite in each nation and that elite proves itself by its capacity to achieve power,

so it is presumed that there is also an elite among the nations themselves and that it proves itself by its dominating other nations. Now war is the struggle, par excellence, of nations for domination. Accordingly, success in war, or even readiness to engage in war, demonstrates the superiority of a people over the vanquished or pacifist peoples.

Another fundamental postulate of the Fascist ideology is that there can be no real political independence without economic independence. A nation which relies to any great extent on imported supplies of either raw materials or manufactured goods must dance to the tune of those she buys from. If she doesn't, she can be quickly forced to do so by economic boycott. And should she resort to war, she cannot win, for either her armies will lose in the field through lack of supplies or her civilian population will be starved into collapse. Accordingly, the immediate aim of Fascist economic planning in each country is to achieve economic self-sufficiency — what the Germans call *Autarkie* and for which the term *autarchy* is rapidly becoming current in English. In the concrete this entails, firstly, increasing the home production of foodstuffs; secondly, the use of synthetic home produced substitutes for materials that cannot be got at home; and, thirdly, the importation of huge reserves of such essential materials as cannot be produced under any circumstances in the fatherland,

and defy substitution. Such a policy obviously cannot but foster many uneconomic industries and result in a lowering of the general standard of living. However, for Fascists that is not too high a price to pay for complete national independence.

It is of the very essence of the Fascist ideology to regard private ownership as sacred only in so far as it serves the national interests. Accordingly, the doctrines of free competition, absolute ownership and the like are anathema to the doctrinaire Fascist. He takes his stand instead on the principle of state supervision. The state—so runs this principle—is entitled to “discipline” property owners and business whenever it sees fit to do so. This means in practice that it will intervene as often as private initiative is unequal to the task in hand or—and this is the distinctively Fascist clause—political interests are at stake. Such intervention by the state takes the form of control by public officials. The Fascist, therefore, recognizes a man’s right to own and control property only as long as he uses that right in the interests of the people. In his eyes—though he is insistent that it is not the function of the state to conduct industry but rather to “discipline” it—property owners are just the feudatories of the nation. Their rights derive from their function in the national economy and are, in consequence, conditional on the due performance of that function.

The only distinctive features of Fascist theory and practice in the sphere of wages are its insistence that a uniform rate of wages be paid by all firms engaged in the same trades—an important provision, because it prevents unfair competition by employers paying lower wages—and secondly, its insistence on the right of the state to fix the rate payable, not only in case of dispute but whenever it deems fit. Should the state intervene, it has absolute discretion as regards the wages, hours, working conditions, etc., it enforces. Here, as everywhere, the principle holds that “the Fascist state can do no wrong.”

The class-struggle is the major disruptive force in modern society. Fascism recognizes it for what it is and proposes to end it. It is no part of its policy either to reduce all capitalists to the proletarian state or, conversely, to make all workers property owners. In fact, three classes instead of two are envisaged in the Fascist economic society, namely, the traditional bourgeoisie or propertied class, the wage-earning class or proletariat, and a new class comprising the technicians and scientists of industry. But despite this triple alignment, there is no room for class-war in the system, at least ideologically. Two things preclude it. The one is the common loyalty and devotion of all these classes to the same national state. The other is the emphasis laid on the solidarity of capital

and labor in the production process, antagonistic though their interests are when it comes to the division of the social product. Classes which have so much in common—such is the argument—cannot but collaborate. Their differences are too petty to be of account in the face of the ties of blood and race and service to the nation which binds them together. Capitalists and their staffs may have conflicting interests in the matter of wages, working conditions and the like. But what are these in comparison with their larger solidarity as citizens of the same state!

One other feature of the Fascist ideology remains to be stressed. Fascism is definitely anti-feminist. The ideal of equal rights for women and men has no place in its conception of the good social order. It is not so much, however, that Fascism rates women as being inferior in status and function to men as that it considers them to be different. Their primary social function is to be good housekeepers, good wives and good mothers. Hence, their place is in the home and their special sphere

of work domestic service. They should not enter industry or the professions as long as there are men to fill the vacancies. One of the first acts of the Nazi Government in Germany was to decree that women should not exceed 10% of the student body of any university.

The labels "Fascist" and "anti-Fascist" and the like are freely applied in these days. More often than not they are used because of their emotional value, and used with little regard for their true meaning. To the Communist every one who is not a Communist is a Fascist, to the democrat every one who prefers authoritarian government to parliamentary government is a Fascist, to the Jew every one who is anti-Semitic is Fascist, to the average English Protestant all Catholics are Fascists, to the friends of the Reds and their allies in Spain those who favor Franco are Fascist. Once we know what precisely Fascism is, we will no longer be at the mercy of the propagandist press, whether of the Left or of the Right, but will be in a position to make up our own minds as to who exactly are Fascists and who are not.

✱

Socialism: You have two cows. You give one to your neighbor.

Fascism: You have two cows. You give both to the government. The government gives you part of the milk.

Naziism: You keep the cows and give the milk to the government. The government sells part of it to you.

Communism: The government shoots you and keeps both cows.

New Idealism: The government shoots one cow, it milks the other, and pours the milk down the drain.

The [London] *Daily Telegraph* quoted in the *Irish Monthly* (Mar '39).

Famous Failures in Music

By JOHN FOX

Off to a bad start

Condensed from the *Notre Damean**

The earliest notable failure afterwards to achieve world-wide success in the domain of music was that of Rossini's opera, *The Barber of Seville*. Though this work today enjoys widespread popularity, and boasts sufficient musical vitality to have survived for upwards of a century, it resulted in a complete and historic fiasco upon the occasion of its first performance.

There was great rivalry between Rossini and a contemporary composer named Paisiello. The latter had already produced a popular musical score upon the subject of *The Barber of Seville*, one of a series of comedies by the French playwright, Beaumarchais. Rossini, with perhaps feigned and rather malignant humility, asked Paisiello's permission to compose another score for the same work. Paisiello, convinced that Rossini's setting of the subject would suffer by comparison with his own, was delighted to acquiesce, and thus encouraged his foolhardy rival to court oblivion.

With the assurance of genius, Rossini wrote his own version of *The Barber*, and the opera was produced, one memorable evening in Rome, back in 1816.

The theater was filled with Paisiello's friends. When Rossini entered the

orchestra pit to conduct his own work, he was greeted with a chorus of jeers, to which he appeared utterly indifferent. Perhaps, had the audience known the true state of affairs, they would have felt themselves justified in booing, even aside from their partisanship: Rossini was notoriously lazy; and when the time came for *The Barber* to go into rehearsal, he discovered that he had lost both the overture and the music to the lesson scene in the second act. Instead of concerning himself over the misfortune, and attempting to reconstruct the music from memory, he simply took the overture from an earlier opera, *Elizabeth, Queen of England*, and changed its title to *The Barber of Seville*.

As a substitute for the misplaced music of the celebrated lesson scene, Rossini simply directed the prima donna to sing anything she pleased.

The role of Rosina, the heroine of this buoyant comedy, was written originally for a contralto. We are accustomed to associate the part only with the highest of soprano voices; but as the work is given nowadays, Rosina's music is transposed to a higher key and decked out with elaborate vocal embroidery to fit the altitudinous range and greater agility of the coloratura

**Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans, La. March, 1939.*

voice. The custom of embellishing Rossini's music with a redundancy of vocal ornament existed even in the composer's lifetime. It is related that on one occasion in Paris, Adelina Patti, the supreme coloratura of her day, sang Rosina's famous cavatina, *Una Voce Poco Fa*, for the composer, using, of course, a wealth of her own variations. At the conclusion of the piece, Rossini is said to have remarked dryly, "A very pretty little song. Whose is it?"

If all this makeshift in the score of *The Barber* had been known to the Roman audience on the night of its premiere, the consequences might have been even more disastrous. As it was they were bad enough. The crowd whistled and clapped and shouted at intervals during the first scene of the opera. The tenor came on for his serenade under the balcony of Rosina. In view of the opera's Spanish locale, he had elected to sing an atmospheric little ditty, at the same time accompanying himself on the guitar. Unfortunately, he neglected to tune his instrument before coming on stage, and had to hold up the performance while he engaged in that necessary preliminary, during the course of which a string popped, to the vast amusement of the audience.

Things went from bad to worse. The prima donna appeared on the balcony. A hush fell over the house. The singer was young and pretty, and well

liked by the Roman public. They expected an entrance aria of some kind or other, but instead, Rosina, in a hurried recitative, merely exhorted her hapless suitor to "Continue always thus, my dear," before she vanished again from the balcony. Mindful of the mishap with the guitar, the audience broke out into fresh merriment, and the scene ended in confusion.

The second scene opened with Rosina's cavatina, *Una Voce Poco Fa*, which was received with a certain amount of enthusiasm—evidently intended more for the singer than for the piece, however. In response to the applause, Rossini faced the public and bowed. The audience ignored him but continued to express its approval of the charming prima donna. The composer turned his back on the crowd and shrugged his shoulders—a movement that was not lost on the audience. The uproar broke out afresh, and not another note of the opera was permitted to be heard.

Such was the initial reception given to *The Barber of Seville*. After the performance, the singers dressed and hurried to Rossini's lodgings to condole with him; but they found that intrepid gentleman sound asleep.

Nearly 40 years later, Venice witnessed a somewhat similar failure. It was here that Giuseppe Verdi, already the idol of musical Italy, brought out his *La Traviata* in 1853. The story of the work was based on Dumas' play,

La Dame aux Camellias, better known to American theatergoers as *Camille*.

The opera sets forth the familiar story of the woman of frail virtue whose life is redeemed from sordidness by an unselfish love and heroic renunciation. It is an oft-told tale that somehow never seems to lose its poignancy. And Verdi's score successfully heightens all the emotional implications of the play's shifting dramatic situations. It would have been a hard-hearted audience, indeed, that could resist the quiet pathos of the last act, when the heroine turns from the sounds of revelry that float up to her chamber from the carnival streets of Paris, and bids farewell to the world and all that she had hoped for, in a sad little air. She had disposed herself to loneliness and an early death from the disease that racked her body with an enervating cough. Much of the music of the opera is tinselly and theatrical, and yet there is something inescapably haunting about the work as a whole.

And the Venetians? They laughed at it. However, their unfeeling reaction is not so difficult to understand if we appreciate the circumstances of that first performance.

To begin with, the soprano of the occasion was inordinately stout. In those days, prima donnas did not have the moving pictures and the threat of television to provide them with an incentive to remain slender, and the re-

sult was that the spectacle of this ample-bosomed lady attempting to waste away before their very eyes, in the last act, appealed irresistibly to the Venetians' sense of humor. Nowadays, accustomed as we are to the many absurd conventions of opera, the incongruity of such a situation does not always strike us, particularly if the heroine's music is sung with the faultless vocalism of a Melba or the incredible brilliancy of a Tetrassini.

To complete the unfortunate dispositions of both artists and audience, the tenor was hoarse. The result was a fiasco so overwhelming that Verdi himself was inclined to doubt the merit of his work. But, of course, public opinion has long since vindicated him; and today, *La Traviata* enjoys an unassailable position in the standard repertoire of opera houses everywhere.

In the world of music, there have been other memorable failures which afterwards gained ascendancy in public esteem. Among these might be mentioned Wagner's *Tannhauser*, which provoked a riot at the Paris Opera in 1861, largely because it did not contain a conventional ballet in the third act. Then, in 1875, *Carmen* met with an inglorious reception at Paris; and the composer, Bizet, is said to have been so affected by the failure of what he considered his greatest work, that his death was hastened, some three months later, by the disappointment.

Closer to our own day, the public

of Milan hooted at Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* when it was first produced in 1904. The Italian sense of melody was outraged by the Japanese idioms employed in the score. The prima donna was dissolved in tears behind the scenes. But Puccini himself was unmoved. He believed in himself and time has more than justified his faith.

There has been such a number of cases of immediate success dwindling into mediocrity and oblivion, that it is not unpleasant sometimes to think of these paradoxical failures which outlived the initial threat to their lyric lives, and won an enduring place on the boards of the stage and in the hearts of men.



In a monograph, Dr. A. P. Hudson of Chapel Hills, N. C., tells of a Negro couple who named their boy "And Seven Times Thou Shalt Walk Around Jericho." They call him "Thou" for short.

The Ave Maria (11 March '39).



Age of Enlightenment

Of the eight morning national newspapers published in London, four put a daily horoscope before their 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 readers. A year ago, when a national newspaper's astrologer fell ill and a single issue of the paper came out without the horoscope, the newspaper office was deluged by 50,000 letters, cards, telegrams and telephone and personal calls.

The effect of this enormous output of horoscope stuff is a growing fatalism among the great mass of young female office workers, neurotic ladies, high-pressure businessmen and others who are regulating their lives, not according to the lights of a right conscience or the normal use of reason, but according to the assessments of astrologers.

Canada has banned astrologers from her radio stations, but the British Broadcasting Company is marking another milestone in its step to fatuity by the introduction of a series of astrological "Birthday Parties." The Astronomer Royal and other scientists of repute have rightly made public protest against this money-making quackery which is going to reduce the masses to the level of the ancient Assyrians who conducted their day according to the number of spots on a chicken's liver.

Rev. Dr. Garvin in the *Catholic Gazette* quoted in *Franciscan Annals* (April '39).

The Spanish War...Last Phase

Condensed from the *Rock**

Paper pellets

The campaign in Catalonia was in many ways the most interesting phase of the Spanish war, particularly because of the way in which it was handled by the press. The campaign must have been one of the most amazing that was ever fought. In every other war, if one army retreated pell-mell before another, it was taken for granted that the fleeing army was being defeated. But not so in Spain—according to the papers. The faster the “Loyalists” ran, the surer they were of victory; the more towns they surrendered, the more completely was the war developing according to pre-arranged plan; the more completely the defenses crumbled, the more thoroughly were the fighting qualities of the defenders displayed. It did not matter that hundreds of miles of territory were being lost and thousands of men and vast supplies of stores captured; the Nationalists were becoming tired, and that apparently was all that mattered.

In the account of those last days of the Red fiasco in Spain we saw the press reaching the lowest depths of journalistic dishonesty. The attempt to picture a precipitate retreat as a stubbornly contested retirement, and a rout as a strategic withdrawal, was unworthy of decent journalism. Yet, even

through the barrage of propagandist support for a manifestly unworthy army, the fact could not be concealed that there has rarely been such a débacle as that of the Spanish “Government” army in Catalonia. General Miaja, the hero of a thousand newspaper victories, had been telling the world about the completeness of the defenses; Premier Negrin had broadcast assurances of the adequacy of arms and ammunitions; and President Azaña and the Foreign Minister, Dal Vayo, with unctuous eloquence developed by long practice on a patient public, had declared from convenient platforms in Paris and Geneva that there was abundant man power in “Government” Spain to withstand any attack. They all spoke the truth. Preparations for defense had been on a colossal scale, not a peseta of stolen money had been spared on their construction; there was no shortage of military equipment from Russia, France and other countries—there was equipment for a whole Nationalist army corps in what the retreating Reds threw away; as for men, there were so many that they got seriously in one another’s way when they raced for the frontier. But never did a war forced on a country (in this case by a few cheap Marxian theorists) end in such

*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. March, 1939.

ignominious collapse. The only fitting memorial of it would be a new Olympic race, from Barcelona to Perpignan, with a Miaja wreath and a Press shield as the prizes.

A few points about which there had been much cloudy reporting became clear when the French frontier was at last closed—by Franco. We learned something definite, for instance, about the evaporation of the "foreign legionnaires" on the "Government" side. In spite of the number of occasions on which the last foreign volunteer had said good-bye to the fight for liberty and returned to France or England or the U. S., he turned up again with obstinate persistence, and he was multiplied many fold when there was no longer any corner of northeastern Spain on which he could be declared to be non-existent. Large parties of foreign soldiers crossed into France, and with admirable *sang-froid* the press praised them as heroes, without any surprise at their resurrection. We learned something, too, about those multitudes of refugees that were supposed to have taken refuge in "Republican" Spain. They crossed by tens of thousands into France, and could barely wait to tell of the way in which they had been driven before retreating armies from one place or another. The numbers that wanted to go back were so great that neither the roads nor the railways were adequate to take them.

Then there was the question of arms and food. "Raise the embargo on arms" had been the cry in the U. S. for months. It was shown to be a mere catch-eye. Even Negrin gave up the pretense that there was any shortage, and the first thing that struck newspaper correspondents and other observers of the flight from Barcelona was the lavish abundance of all kinds of war equipment.

The antics of diplomats and politicians in Europe and America during the closing stages of the Spanish war were little less diverting than those of the newspaper men. In a last effort to help the Reds to gain by stealth what they could not win by strength, several public personages with well-known names, but with little reputation to lose, threw their weight openly on the side of the Friends of Soviet Russia in Spain. Churchill, comparing the two sides, called the Spanish Reds "gentle and reconciling forces," a description as inaccurate as any that could be found, since gentleness and the faculty for reconciliation are precisely the two qualities that have been most conspicuously absent from every action of the Leftists in Spain since the foundation of the Republic. In the U. S., Mrs. Roosevelt, ignoring her husband's appeal for neutrality, expressed her desire for a victory for the Left. She said that she believed they "may have shown some antagonism to religion at one time, but this seems to

have changed." Her sympathy was of a touching variety, for when looking on a bust of Spain's Murderess No. 1, *La Passionaria*, she said she saw in her "a truly great woman."

Countries which had backed the wrong horse in the Spanish war have been making frantic efforts to rectify their position and to pretend that they were only waiting for the Spaniards to decide for themselves before expressing their admiration for General Franco. England and France loved him all the time, it seems, but they did not like his friends. Now if he would only learn to keep good company, they would be ready to walk on either side of him and tell him what to do. Making suggestions to their own advantage would be merely a coincidence, for all the world knew their disinterestedness. They asked very little: only that he should turn his back on those who supported him and accept their friendship instead. They were ready to let him make peace provided he gave them all the guarantees they demanded, and when they found that he was

not ready to play, they expressed pained surprise—he was acting as if he, and not they, knew what was best for Spain! They explained that he ought not to believe the Italians when they said they would leave Spain, for, as one English paper pointed out: "We did not do that; we remained in Gibraltar," a naive admission that must have highly amused General Franco.

To those that sought his friendship too late, and told him that they would insist on his kindness to the vanquished, General Franco has given a very stern, but a very just, reply: "I do not want humanitarianism from those who glorify crime when it is a means of ensuring the triumph of their cause."

"I know what I have to do, and my dignity forbids me to submit to the desires framed by bodies who pretended not to recognize my quality as a belligerent in order to do me harm, and yet recognize today that I am a belligerent when they want to negotiate with me. I despise hypocrites more than real enemies."



Red Wind!

In 1928 a letter arrived by registered post at the Vatican from Moscow, addressed to Pope Pius XI personally. It was signed by Rykov (president of the Soviet Council of Commissars), Stalin and other Communist leaders, and stated that the Pope was "condemned to death for having given money for the overthrow of the Communist regime." The pope had it deposited in the archives of the Vatican.

From the [London] *Evening Standard* quoted in *Synopsis* (March '39).

"Religion" and the Handout

Love is old-fashioned

By WILLARD F. MOTLEY

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

Broke again and hungry in a strange city, I stood on the pavement and looked into a window. The sign on the store front read: The Society of St. Vincent de Paul Working Men's Club, Free Reading, Recreation, Everyone Welcome.

I recalled other places:

Larimer Street in Denver strewed its bums along the curb. They elbowed each other into the street. They passed with collars turned up and hats turned down. At the corner, where 18th Street crosses Larimer, more of this restless army of the damned moved along in a slovenly, rabble procession, an endless flow of hardened faces and pinched bodies, a scarecrow race going nowhere.

Although for a nickel one could get pancakes and coffee at any of the dingy little restaurants on 18th Street, I hadn't eaten that day. The night before I had sat in the mission on 18th listening to a two-hour sermon by a fat, well-fed preacher, and had then been huddled into the basement with 40 or 50 others where we were given a rusty tin cup of broth into which the hind quarters of an animal may possibly have been dipped.

I remembered the preacher pleading: "Who will come to Jesus tonight? Who will be saved? If you accept

Jesus tonight raise your hand. Oh, brothers, repent of your sins and be saved! Who has a testimony for us? Who will get up and say that he has been a sinner and accept God this night? Who will be washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

In Cheyenne I had been herded into the basement of a building flaunting the name of a nationally known and mendicant charitable organization. There, in a neighborhood that tolerates almost any vice, the hand of charity moves grudgingly among the poor devils of the street. There I sat down at a rough table with but six other hoboes. Spring had come and most of the bums and beggars had moved into the country and onto residential streets where they were content to panhandle or steal rather than accept a half-hearted dole. We were given a small tin plate of spaghetti that tasted of soap, three slices of bread and a cup of half-warmed coffee without sugar or cream. Two bed bugs crawled on the tables. I should have been thankful, for the bread was at least fresh.

In Los Angeles I saw a sign at one of its many missions that told the hungry men on the street: You Must Attend The Services To Eat Here.

It was no wonder, then, that I sur-

*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. March 10, 1939.

veyed the sign in the Denver St. Vincent de Paul Society window with a cynical leer. Succor! Preachments perhaps! . . . Gosh but I was hungry!

A man sidled up to me. "Can you get a meal in there, buddy?" he asked.

"I doubt it."

"Goin' to try?"

"Yeah. Why not?" I retorted, and shoved into the store front, hat in hand and fully expecting a malicious rebuff. A little man stood behind a desk; a little old-fashioned man in shabby clothes.

"I—I'm hungry. . ."

"They all are when they come in here," he smiled. "It's past feeding time but we can fix you up." He took my name down in a faded book. "Working anywhere?" he asked.

"Well, maybe we can get you something to do. Go back in the kitchen and tell them to fix you something to eat."

The kitchen was small and like any kitchen in any middle-class home. At a sink two men in shirtsleeves were laughing together as they washed the dishes. Another, clearing the table, saw me.

"Did you eat?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, sit down," he said with gruff, good humor.

The dishes were abandoned as the three of them set a place for me. They brought me a bowl of the best soup I have ever tasted and followed it with

a heaping plate of stew, spaghetti (with tomatoes), cabbage and boiled potatoes. A plate of fresh bread appeared. Three cups of coffee were forced on me. They kept asking, "Do you want something more? Have you had enough?"

I found the little man in charge still behind his desk. He smiled at me and asked, "Did you have enough?"

"Yes. Thank you—thank you."

"We feed at eight in the morning. Come in for breakfast, won't you?"

Dazed, I stood outside and tried to understand what had occurred. Not a word about saving my soul. Not a single request for a testimony, public or private.

The next morning I went back for my breakfast. There were perhaps 50 of us in all. We sat in the store front and talked to one another about work, about grabbing freights, about baseball scores. In batches of 16, as that was all the long table in the kitchen could hold, we sat down to a breakfast of oatmeal, coffee, bread and jelly. Five or six men waited on us; men like ourselves: bums, hoboes, transients.

Around the table sat men of all nationalities, of all creeds. A good number were atheists. Side by side sat the hardened road boy, the petty crook, the panhandler, the thief, the honest man out of work, the old criminal out of "stir" again and ready to resume his career, the tough, the smooth-checked boy on his first tilt with life, the hitchhiker, the consumptive old man hawk-

ing into a dirty rag—the unloved and ungodly.

And always with us sat St. Vincent de Paul. But he never asked that we say blessings; or that we save our souls by embracing his faith; or that we accept Jesus. The leopard was a leopard and as hungry as the scared boy who had run away from home and now wanted to run back. St. Vincent asked only that he might feed us.

It is amazing what a change came over those men sitting there eating. The hard, pinched look left their faces. The cynical light in their eyes softened to a look of compassion and humility. Sometimes even tears were detected in eyes that had never wept. The edge had been taken off of all the men. Their roughness had been left on blatant Larimer Street. They laughed and conversed in modulated tones. It was always, "Please pass the bread." "Thank you." "Don't you want some more potatoes?" Never the slang or rough words of the street. And no man ever sat at that table with his hat on.

After breakfast I asked to help and was allowed to wash dishes, a job I jealously and devoutly did the full ten days I fed there. I grew to feel part

of the society. I saw men come and go in those ten days. I saw "moochers" who arrived every day at mealtime and left as soon as they had eaten.

Often we fed as high as 100 men a day. There was always plenty to eat. Every day generous lemonade pitchers of cream stood on the table and beside them were plates heaped with fresh bread and half-pint bottles of cottage cheese. The store front was equipped with chairs and tables, an old piano and a profusion of books and magazines. A radio was at anyone's disposal and, if it wasn't a ball game being broadcast, it was generally a dance orchestra. Card playing was no sin.

And always in the background moved the little old-fashioned man making sure that everyone had enough to eat and occasionally getting someone a job. He had cooked at sea, had owned several restaurants and now cooked for his transient family. He seemed perfectly happy and was the reincarnation of all St. Vincent de Paul had been in humility, sympathy, and kindness.

When I had enough money to travel on, he stood in the doorway waving goodbye to me; to one of his family.

I had never heard him speak of God. He didn't have to.

Religion can no more be reduced to economics than economics can be reduced to religion. Each is an independent factor with its own formal principle and it is the business of the sociologist to accept this as part of his data.

From Enquiries into Religion and Culture by Christopher Dawson (Sheed & Ward).

Go Fly a Kite

By CLAIRE WHITMAN

It's a valuable toy

Condensed from the *Catholic Boy**

Did you know that armies once used big kites to raise men so that they could observe movements of the enemy? That they used the kite as a bombing agent, and to float torpedoes? That for centuries men used it to signal, and to carry flags and lamps? It was a very powerful instrument of warfare long before the invention of the airplane, and was the honorable great-grandmother of that creature.

But in the very first record we have of a kite in warfare, we find it wasn't used for any of these things. A famous Korean general, a long way back in history, made use of a kite to fool his troops into a victory. He was a good general, but he was having a hard time with his troops on this particular occasion. They had been many days on the march, were tired and cold, and inclined to look upon the coming battle as a certain defeat. That attitude, of course, is in itself almost enough to insure defeat. The Korean general, being wise as well as clever, thought up a plan which he hoped would infuse courage into his army. At night, when the army camped at the foot of a hill, he sent a messenger ahead with a kite and a lantern, and ordered him to fly the kite with the lantern fastened to it. In the darkness, the kite was in-

visible but the lantern, high in the sky, could be seen easily. The troops sighted it and, thinking it a new star and an omen of good fortune from the gods, were so encouraged that they surged onward, met the enemy, and scored an overwhelming victory.

It was another Korean general who discovered the mechanical worth of the kite. He spanned a stream with one and used the cable attached to build a bridge for his army to cross over. Other people have decided that he had something there, and have followed his example. Many bridges have since been constructed in the same way, even the suspension bridge over our own Niagara.

Science, too, has for a long time depended on the members of the kite clan to further science. There's a place in Scotland where a tower has been built especially to fly kites. It's a weather report station, and a man there flies kites in all kinds of weather to find out just what is going on above the clouds. Here in the U. S. the weather bureau records temperature and humidity and wind velocity in the same way by using a meteorograph.

It was an Edinburgh astronomer, Dr. Alexander Wilson, who first thought of flying a kite to learn more about the

*1300 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. April, 1939.

weather. He flew one with a thermometer attached, and discovered more about atmosphere than men had ever been able to learn before. Benjamin Franklin's combination of a key and lightning wasn't the only kite-flying venture that turned out to be of use to modern science.

Aviators flying across great expanses of water carry radios with them so that they can call for help if they are forced down in the ocean. But because the ships with which they must communicate all use long wave length transmitters, and because the airplanes must have an antenna of about 500 feet for these long wave messages, the aviator is practically helpless when forced down on water for he has no way of putting up the required length of wire. While he is flying, the wire will stream out behind him and he can communicate easily enough with ships. His big problem is to find some way of sending messages when he is on the water. Presto, the solution! The aviator takes out his waterproof kite and sends it up. Behind it floats the antenna of the aerial.

Commander Byrd, on one of his Arctic expeditions, took several huge kites along with him, and not just for the fun of flying them. He used them to send up observers to survey the surrounding country, a much simpler and less expensive way of observing than by the use of planes. Then, too, these kites came in handy for hoisting radio

aerials to make daily reports.

The things kites are good for are almost numberless. If you're a camera fan, you probably already know that marvelous bird's-eye views can be taken by fastening your camera to a kite and operating the shutter with a rubber band. That's a fascinating step in photography and one you'll enjoy if you haven't already taken it.

In Asia for centuries kites have floated above crowds, advertising products, and even carrying propaganda for political campaigns. We've used them for advertising, too, but our political campaigns seem to run high enough without the aid of kites.

An interesting duty of the kite in Asia is that of chasing away evil spirits. The Asiatic peasants have invented a sort of musical kite, made by tying perforated reeds to the kite tail, which whistle and sing as the kite soars in the air.

Tell the Chinese to go fly a kite and they'll take you literally! In such high regard is the kite held among the Orientals that they have special feast days honoring it. One of them is called Teng Kao and on that day everyone from the youngest to the oldest of all classes and occupations gathers in an open space to fly his kite. There's an old legend that on this day, if the kite of anyone who is guilty of wrong flies away, the punishment due to his crime will fly away with it. Sad the number of kites that get away from their own-

ers on the happy day of Teng Kaol

One of the most beautiful festivals in the entire Chinese calendar is the feast of the Lantern Kites, when the

little Chinese boys tie red lanterns to a string of kites and let them float upward through the darkness, "lighting," the Chinese say, "the way to heaven."



Daniel O'Connell

By EDMUND C. BUCKLEY

No tea and tracts

Condensed from the book *Great Catholics**

A wild Irishman, making things hot for England, is how Daniel O'Connell has usually been depicted. His personality was masterful, his career tempestuous. If, however, he stands among the universals, it is as a symbol, not of anarchy or rebellion, but of order. In a world encumbered with anomaly, his gospel was logic and his practice was law. He saw, on the one hand, the dangers of the excesses being perpetrated in the sacred name of "liberty," and the calamitous reprisals that were certain to follow; on the other, he beheld his country dejected, degraded, downtrodden in every way; his religion persecuted, proscribed, and outlawed. He felt that he was living as a slave, and his noble spirit determined to be free.

Even in boyhood, his essential conservatism was revealed. He never ceased to be a Royalist. In another respect,

he was normal. Meeting his cousin, Mary, he remarked one day, "Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?" She replied, "I am not." "Then," he went on, "will you engage yourself to me?" She answered, "I will." Secretly, but happily, they were married; there was a large family, and amid his agitations, O'Connell maintained his home. For 25 years he rose at four in the morning, lit his own fire and worked till ten in the evening.

In O'Connell we see the paradox which sometimes puzzles the student of the British Labor Party. He was no Bolshevik, eager to smash society. On the contrary, his grievance was that, in this society, he was not permitted to play his part as a loyal subject of the throne. What made him so dangerous was the fact that he asked nothing at any time except the obviously reasonable. Of his two main demands, it

*1939. The Macmillan Company, New York City. 456 pp. \$2.50. Edited by Claude Williamson, O.S.C.

may be said that both were merely expressions of the usual Whiggery. What was the Catholic Emancipation that so greatly enraged Wellington? Nothing except the principle that no citizen shall suffer disqualification on account of his religion. What was "repeal of the Union" for advocating which O'Connell was sent to prison? Merely the policy of allowing an English-speaking democracy to manage its own strictly domestic affairs.

Ireland had been a nation before England had an alphabet. Now she was a downtrodden province dominated by avaricious bloodsuckers. The ablest lawyers, including the Government's own Attorney General, had declared the Union binding only until it could be successfully defied. The parliament that passed the Act had no power from God or man to do so. Votes for it were obtained by open bribery and fraud at £8,000 apiece. Upwards of £1,000,000 sterling was expended in the purchase of the votes that carried it. Peerages, Protestant bishoprics, judgeships, positions in the army, navy, and civil service were bestowed in payment for votes. Public opinion in Ireland was despised during the negotiations. Public meetings against it were dispersed by force. Martial law was in full force, and the Habeas Corpus Act suspended. Intimidation prevailed to an alarming extent. Nearly 100,000 soldiers, with all the savagery of '98 attaching

to their characters, occupied the island; and, notwithstanding, 700,000 were found to petition against the Bill, while only 3,000, including officials, could be marshalled to petition in its favor. Carried by perjury, corruption, and intimidation the "Union" became the law of the land.

The cruelties inflicted on the Irish people by reason of the rebellion of 1798, to which they had been driven, and into which they had been actually incited by the Government, the unchecked lawlessness of the Orange Society, and the enforcement of martial law under which Ireland groaned, produced almost universal hopelessness amongst Irish patriots. As long, however, as the Irish Parliament remained, anti-Catholic and bigoted though it was, there were certain hopes of its having to allow liberty of conscience to the vast majority of the people it legislated for, and otherwise to promote their happiness and prosperity.

O'Connell's powers of vituperation and abusive oratory were immense. The age was one in which coarse rhetoric flourished, when even the *Times* could print epithets that would be barred today from gutter sheets, but O'Connell exceeded in scurrility all the coarse orators of his day. It was unlikely that the victims of his abuse would feel pleased with him.

Catholic Emancipation had its advocates before O'Connell, and in the easy-going sceptical 18th century it did

not much disturb the "Protestant conscience" of England. The practical difficulty at the earlier period was that it would completely upset the balance of power in Ireland, based as it was on the impregnable rock of the Protestant establishment. After the Union this danger did not exist in the same form; but in the interval there had been a great "Evangelical" revival, which, by reviving the "No Popery" feeling among the masses of the people, created a much more serious obstacle, the overthrowing of which was O'Connell's great achievement.

He got little help or sympathy from the English Catholics, whose motto was to "let sleeping dogs lie"; and the Irish Hierarchy, with one or two exceptions, favored the same attitude. A considerable amount of practical toleration had been secured by quiet means under Grattan's Parliament in 1793; and the fear was that by over-hasty agitation things might be made worse rather than better for the timid Catholics who, in Dublin and in the other large towns, had been thriving under existing conditions. O'Connell's attempt to found a "Catholic Association" in 1823 met at first with little encouragement; that body rented two small rooms in a side street, and sometimes there was the utmost difficulty in assembling a quorum to carry on the necessary business. The carrying of the agitation over the heads of the "country gentry and the rich traders of the towns," and

getting it into the hands and minds of the farmers and country priests was O'Connell's idea; and on these lines he won. "A penny a month, a shilling a year" was his cry, and the "Catholic Rent" was started. This in time provided the necessary funds, and the movement spread till the country was fairly covered.

Freedom for his fellow-Catholics to practice their religion, eligibility for every position and office in the State, and similar freedom for every man to follow his own convictions, were the cardinal points in O'Connell's demands for "Emancipation"; and the power for his fellow-countrymen to legislate under the Crown, through a House of Lords and a House of Commons thoroughly representative of the people of Ireland, was what he claimed as "Repeal."

O'Connell was, first and last, a man of law and order with an ingrained hatred of revolution and violence. When many persons in Dublin and Belfast cheered for the Revolution in France and plotted rebellion in Ireland, young O'Connell joined the Militia and turned out in arms in support of the Government. His uncle and the other officers of the Irish Brigade placed their swords at the disposal of the English King; and the whole O'Connell clan in Kerry, with their co-religionists, were enthusiastic loyalists and supporters of the Union which O'Connell himself was to spend most of his later life

in denouncing. But here again he knew where to draw the line, for when at the very end young Ireland was once more caught in the revolutionary whirlpool and tended to follow Davis and Mitchel (both Protestants) into rebellion, O'Connell withstood them, even at the risk of sacrificing all he had worked for, and went out alone to die a broken-hearted man on an alien shore.

O'Connell's career divides itself naturally into two movements which, although essentially related, must be separately considered. The Union with England and the abolition of the Dublin Parliament were warmly supported by the Catholic Bishops, to whom that Parliament meant nothing but a hated ascendancy. Cork and the southern counties had no love for Dublin, and they too supported the Union. None were more vociferous in their clamor than the members of the junior Bar, and O'Connell in the first glory of wig and gown joined in the outcry with his fellows of the Four Courts. But it was Emancipation that held the attention alike of the Catholic Church and of the Irish people. It had the sympathy of all that was progressive and tolerant in English public life and over the civilized world. It was a tremendous struggle, and O'Connell was the hero of it. And when it was granted, nothing in particular happened! A few wealthy Catholics could enter Parliament, but the Catholic peasant was

still left to groan under the burden of the payment of tithes to a church that was not his. The "Forty Shilling Freeholder" found himself disfranchised. Everything in Ireland went on much as before.

The turning point came in 1828 when it was finally determined, in spite of the legal disqualification, to challenge an election for Parliament. Mr. Vesey FitzGerald, member for Clare, had been appointed President of the Board of Trade, and it was arranged to contest his re-election, O'Connell himself being the opposing candidate. The result is well known. The majority of the electors were Catholic tenant farmers, but never before had the landlord's right to the votes of his tenants been seriously challenged. The Association had, however, changed all that; and the tenants, headed by their priests, marched in platoons to the poll and voted for O'Connell. Mr. Vesey FitzGerald wrote to Peel: "Nothing can equal the violence here. The proceedings of yesterday were those of madness; the country is mad." But O'Connell and his men had kept within the law, and his election was not disputed.

There remained the obstacle of the Oath at the Table, containing as it did a declaration against "Popery" which O'Connell could not make. But there was no more fight in the opponents of Emancipation, most of whom were already tired of the conflict. Lord Anglesea, writing from Dublin, discovered

somewhat later in the day, that it did not matter much after all and that the best way of "depriving the demagogues of their power" was "by taking Messrs. O'Connell, Shiel and the rest of them from the Association and placing them in the House of Commons." So the objectionable declaration was withdrawn. O'Connell was re-elected and took his seat. The struggle that threatened revolution was at an end, and Peel and Wellington discovered that nothing very remarkable had happened. The question of the tithe still remained to act as a cause of turmoil and bloodshed; but the main point was won, and O'Connell became the hero of the Catholic world.

In normal circumstances this would have been the end. But the Government took back with one hand what they had granted with the other. The "Forty Shilling Freeholder" was disfranchised. O'Connell remained embittered and dissatisfied and before long agitation for Repeal of the Union succeeded that for Emancipation.

About O'Connell's advocacy, there was heroism. In West Cork, an attempt was made on the life of a magistrate. Dublin Castle undertook what would have been a veritable massacre of suspects. In five minutes a packed jury consigned four men to death and a second batch had been scheduled to share the same fate.

Desperately a messenger made his way over the mountains to summon

O'Connell. Daniel set out on a ride of 90 miles in a dog cart. Without wig or gown or brief he strode into the court, where they brought him a sandwich and a glass of milk. The prosecutor continued his speech. Suddenly, O'Connell, munching the while, ejaculated, "That's not law," and it was not law. So began a crushing counter-attack, under which the entire case for the Crown collapsed. There was no verdict possible except an acquittal and that verdict had to be accepted also for the men already awaiting execution.

With the Protestant as such, O'Connell never had a quarrel. His color was "green," but he would say, "I lift the Orange to my lips and I press it to my heart." For years he was comrade to Grattan, and when Grattan's Parliament was obliterated, O'Connell devoted his first great speech to denouncing the Union. With the Protestants of Dublin he fought against what was bound to be a loss of patronage and prestige. But "the garrison" declined to reciprocate. One alderman, D'Esterre, refused to support a petition to emancipate the Catholics and was the first of many disputants to challenge O'Connell to a duel. He was a little man and a good shot, but despite his bulk, O'Connell met him. To the general surprise it was D'Esterre who was killed, and of O'Connell we read:

"His conscience was bitterly sore. He had not only killed a man, but left his widow and two small children almost

destitute. He was determined to do all he could to assist her. He wrote at once, offering to "share his income" with D'Esterre's widow. She declined, but consented to accept an annuity for her small daughter, which was paid regularly for more than 30 years until O'Connell's death. The memory of the duel haunted him for the remainder of his life. He never went to Communion afterward without wearing a white glove on his right hand as a sign of penance; and whenever he passed D'Esterre's house he would raise his hat and murmur a prayer for the dead."

For well-nigh half a century, as Herculean agitator he toiled, with zeal unequalled and with wisdom unsurpassed. A bright and easy career of happiness was before him in an honorable profession. He renounced it, and when one would suppose him weary of the political warfare, he rejected its highest reward. His minutes literally counted as gold honestly earned as a lawyer in his laborious profession. Yet, no one devoted more time to his country's welfare. The whole burden of the Irish cause rested upon him. He bore it up. General apathy for a long time pervaded the masses.

Suspicion, opposition, calumny, and contempt were hurled against him. Attacks on himself he paid back with interest and scorn, and from insult he defended himself, once sinfully indeed, but according to the mistaken code of

honor that then prevailed, with the weapons employed in duel encounters. Insults to his country he drove back with pulverizing blows. Peel and Disraeli fell beneath them morally as completely as the unfortunate D'Esterre did physically. Him it was O'Connell's misfortune, for which he publicly repented, to have fatally wounded. The "Orange" Peel and "the legitimate descendant of the impenitent thief," are some epithets of the lashing invective that made the greatest men writhe beneath its inflictions, as witness their contemplated duels with him. Disappointments, baffled hopes, perfidy to pledges, in turn accosted him.

It was, moreover, O'Connell, more than any other man, who created the idea of the public meeting as we know it today. At a time when it was contrary to etiquette for statesmen to mount the platform, he was second to none as a popular orator and actually was under a perpetual threat of prosecution. His Catholic Association was forcibly suppressed; so was his Anti-Union Association, but O'Connell always had the best of it.

He gave a series of weekly breakfasts at Holmes's Hotel. If the government thought fit to proclaim political breakfasts, he declared, then they would "resort to a political lunch. If the luncheon be equally dangerous to the peace of the great duke, we shall have political dinners. If political dinners be proclaimed down, we must, like

certain sanctified dames, resort to 'tea and tracts,' leaving us still to fall back upon the right to meet at suppers, until suppers also are proclaimed down."

There is not much need to unfold O'Connell's public character. He was a man of whom any country might justly feel proud. A lawyer, he was the most renowned of the Irish Bar. A statesman, he was the admiration of liberty-loving people in its true sense in all the surrounding nations. A champion of civil and religious freedom, by his labors and victory, all the millions of British subjects are ever since in possession of that inestimable boon. A constitutional warrior for the emancipation from thralldom and for the national liberty of his countrymen, for which he fought in every action of his life, he stands unique in

history in that position which can best enlist the admiration of humanity, and evoke for his memory its most grateful veneration. Pope Pius IX describes him in words that should be inscribed in brass on the tablets of the Irish people as "the great champion of the Church, the father of his country, and the glory of the Christian world." His victory was a glorious achievement.

He died at Genoa, a man bereaved and broken. "The heart of O'Connell at Rome, his body in Ireland and his soul in Heaven"—so he murmured—"is not that what the justice of man and the mercy of God demand?" His wishes were carried out. At the Irish College there is a silver urn that enshrines the heart. A tall tower at Glasnevin stands sentinel over the rest of that once mighty physique.



Years of Discretion

I am left breathless by the *Times* report of what the Archbishop of Canterbury said in discussing the simplification of the Anglican baptismal service. The *Times* report (21 Jan. '39) stated that the Archbishop said that a good deal depended upon the behavior of the infant. If the infant behaved with reasonable discretion there was no more beautiful and impressive service than the service of baptism, but if it did not so behave there was no service in which it was more difficult to have a spirit of devout reflection.

Fra Juniper quoted in the [London] *Universe*.

Moscow Gold Refined

Priest among publicans

By THOMAS QUIGLEY

Condensed from the *Christian Front*¹

Joe was a native-born American citizen, the product of a good public school education. He was an ambitious but poor mill worker. Starting life full of the heroic dreams of youth and fired by a sound American philosophy of individualism, he literally tore into the problem of "getting ahead."

Well, he ran afoul of hard times. Unemployment caught up with him, blasted away his fond hopes of a material paradise and left him clinging to the wreckage of life with a wife, a child and an aging mother. Joe cast about him desperately, still looking for a way to get hold of even a modicum of the earthly riches that to him seemed so essential. He found none—none, that is, except the one so attractively drawn by the local organizer of the Communist Party. So, Joe became a Communist to achieve a purely individualistic and selfish end, the only purpose to life he had ever been taught.

When he first joined up,² Joe didn't know very much about the party. He used to meet his friend, the organizer, almost every day either at the taproom or later up at his own house. Joe listened while the other patiently instructed him. Of course, many of the questionable features of the *Internationale*

were glossed over. Joe learned just enough to fill his already embittered heart with a burning hate for the upper classes, and a blind, religious faith in the CP. He was told that Communism would, if once in power, guarantee him the security he so ardently desired, and drive from power the forces that were compelling him to feed his family on second-rate meat, skim-milk, and oleomargarine. This was all Joe, and many of the other men, needed to know.

Joe was still on the company pay roll. Sometimes he worked two or three days a week, sometimes a whole two weeks at a time. But working or not, he was forever busy making converts for the party. Day in and day out he preached, and because Joe was well known to the men and well liked, he found many willing to listen. Joe, the local boy, did the proselytizing, but behind him stood the clever professional organizer.

It was about this time that the CIO began organizing the great mass of unskilled labor in the Pittsburgh mills. At first Joe was suspicious of this crowd, but he soon learned that the CIO could become a practical medium for the ideas he was trying to spread. This union would weld all the men in one great body, get them all thinking

¹ Villanova, Pa. April, 1939.

² See Catholic Digest, March, 1939, p. 1.

in the same direction. It would be easier, Joe figured, to guide the direction of this mass thought than to try to convert them all individually. Besides, the animosity that the CIO aroused among the city fathers and the industrialists won the sympathy of men like Joe.

So, when he offered himself for membership, they took him in. Sure, they knew something of his Communist tie-up, but he was a bona-fide steel man on the company's pay roll. Had they turned him down he might have used his influence to hamper seriously their membership drive.

Besides, they needed men like Joe: young, energetic, clever fellows whom the rank and file would follow. Joe was a born leader. The company never saw that, but the union did.

No sooner had the drive for membership been won, than the long, hard fight for recognition was on. Negotiation failing, the men went out on strike for the right to bargain collectively. Joe, of course, took a very active part. He was on the picket line every day. As the strike stretched into months, it became easier and easier for Joe to sell his ideas to the men; for ideas like his thrive on discontent and privation.

Perhaps, you'll say, the local CIO leaders should have thrown him out; but it was a tough spot for them. They wanted to win the strike, you know, so they had to put up with Joe. While

he was not yet an officer in the union, he was distinctly a power with the men. The men liked him. Besides, Joe knew the business of organizing a strike and of sustaining the morale necessary to carry on against such tremendous odds as the American Iron and Steel Institute and a misguided public opinion.

There were one or two street brawls during those days which the newspapers magnified into riots. Joe, of course, was given most of the blame for them and, to some extent, justly. He was really becoming the worst kind of violent, unreasoning zealot, out to convert the world to Communism. He even voiced the opinion that, if blood had to be spilled, then let it be spilled. Joe still didn't know very much about Communism as such. It was only a label to him, a flag under which he fought against the powers that had destroyed his dream of happiness.

The Catholic Church to Joe was a thing apart. Away back in the early days of his "novitiate" in the CP, he had been told that the Church was an archenemy of the party and a tool in the hands of the rich to maintain the masses in a state of ignorance and docility. He took this at face value, without questioning. As a matter of party loyalty, he hated the Church and her priests. Since he had never met a priest, and since the Church had never become an issue in his life, he had never translated his hatred into action.

Then one night at a huge civic meeting a priest of the Church preached an eloquent sermon on Communism. Joe listened to it over a radio in a poolroom. In very scholarly fashion, the good priest pointed out all the economic and social evils attendant on the adoption of the Stalinist theories. Most of this was over Joe's head and left him cold. What did impress him was the peroration which was devoted to an excoriation of Communists in general and of a few, including Joe, in particular. They were branded as traitors, foreign agitators, killers, scum of the earth for whom the only intelligible argument was a length of rubber hose and a ticket on the next boat leaving the country. This personal abuse aroused Joe to a white heat of fury. For weeks thereafter, he concentrated his efforts on attacking the Church. Cleverly he twisted the tired minds even of Catholic steel men to the point where they shamefacedly admitted that "the Church was on the side of capital." Joe, by the sermon of a priest, had become an active hater of the Church, bent on its destruction. Poor Joe!

A few weeks later, while the strike was still in progress, Joe went down to take his turn on the picket line. He found a large group of men apparently much interested in the words of someone in their midst. What was his amazement and disgust to discover that the speaker was a priest: a young

fellow who seemed perfectly at home among all these laborers. What amazed Joe was the easy familiarity which existed between the priest and the officers of the local who stood beside him. As Joe got within hearing distance, the priest had just ended his talk. The president of the local then spoke a few words. "There'll be a meeting tonight," he said, "up at the hall. Father Smith is going to speak. You'll all want to hear him, so be sure to come, and pass the word along to the others."

The crowd began to break up. The priest and the officers moved away to a waiting automobile and drove off. Joe questioned some of his friends about the priest. He discovered, much to his chagrin, that the men had been deeply impressed. This young fellow, they said, knew what he was talking about, realized their predicament, sympathized with them. But Joe was suspicious. Desperately he tried to point out that the priest was very probably a spy. "You can't trust a priest," he said. Nevertheless, he decided to go to the meeting.

The hall was jammed that night. The Catholics among the men came to hear the priest. Left-wingers came to scoff. Protestants came because they had nothing better to do.

The priest spoke first of the things of God. He told about the great man, Pius XI, who loved the workers; outlined the Pope's teachings on labor, on strikes, on the individual's rights, on

the rights of society; he opened up the whole grand vista of the Church's long battle to protect the rights of the poor. They listened to him in a timeless silence, for he stood there not simply as a priest, but as their priest, the authorized interpreter of their God-given rights, speaking to them in their own language, sympathetically, and fearlessly condemning their sins. He made crystal clear their right to a union and to bargain collectively. He told them what to do, how to do it; what to avoid, and how to avoid it. Without any tear-jerking drivel, he pointed out the need for patience and absolute avoidance of violence. He promised to back them up to the end, and, most important of all, he announced that he had made arrangements through a local Catholic charity to feed their families while the strike lasted. When he finished, the men broke into cheers.

Joe asked for the floor. Realizing that this priest had scored a distinct victory and had rendered his own apostolate much more difficult, he tried to win back the lost ground by sheer bombastic oratory. He did manage to slip in a nasty "crack" at the priest, hoping thereby to cast suspicion, but the crowd didn't take it too well. This crowd was fundamentally American and liked fair play, with no punching in the clinches. Joe realized at last that his speech wasn't getting across, so he cut it short.

Afterwards the president of the local introduced Joe to Father Smith. Joe was a little sullen, but the priest was the soul of good cheer. Joe had never believed anyone could be so human and so regular as not to rub in his victory a little, but to all appearances this priest even wanted to be friends, wanted to hear Joe's ideas and discuss them, man to man. Joe felt a little ashamed of that "dirty crack."

Well, the strike ended eventually. The men won. Both Joe and Father Smith had helped considerably. Father Smith became a familiar figure around the union meetings after that. He and Joe found many another occasion to debate on the same platform, but there were no more "dirty cracks." The men got a great kick out of the verbal battles and, when either adversary scored a point, they were quick and sincere in their cheers and applause. Meantime, Joe, and the men, too, were learning something about priests, and the Church, and Communism. Joe was a CIO organizer now. He was still a Communist.

Father Smith was roundly criticized for consorting with the likes of Joe. The big industrialists criticized him, the civic fathers were annoyed with him, and, strange to relate, so were the Communists. But Father Smith was thick-skinned and completely impervious to such attacks. In fact, he thrived on them, for, because of them, he became more and more endeared to

the workers and to men like Joe. His influence over these men became greater and he was steering many of them away from a course that might have brought the world of the civic fathers crashing down around their ears.

Certainly the strange association was working a change in Joe. Bred on a secular materialism throughout his formative years, unaware of spiritual values, he had sought his happiness solely in the things of this world. He was an individualist and, when it appeared that certain more powerful individualists were cheating him, he did the logical thing, the only thing he knew. He ganged up with the great mass of weaker individualists to war against the few strong ones for the

rewards of a material heaven.

Now he was learning the fallacy of seeking lasting joy in the things that perish. Now he was beginning to understand, if only dimly, the real meaning of the brotherhood of man. Without realizing it, Joe was becoming a Christian, and for the first time.

That about ends Joe's story. The last time I saw him was up in Father Smith's room at the rectory. They were arguing as usual, but this time about—of all things—the feasibility of Bingos as a means of parish support.

I think Joe is safe now for democracy. I think the Church has won a friend. And I can't help adding, "Thank God for men like Father Smith."



England Wants Us

We will need a definite threat for America; a threat which will have to be brought home to every citizen before the U. S. will again take arms in an external quarrel. It will be a natural and obvious object of our propaganda to achieve this, just as during the Great War we succeeded in embroiling the U. S. with Germany. Fortunately our propaganda is on firm ground in America. We can be entirely sincere, as our main plank will be the old democratic one. Our minor propaganda will aim at attaching the support of important sections, such as Jews, probably by the declaration of a clear-cut policy on Palestine. This should not be difficult to pursue nor to put over to the American public.

Sidney Rogerson, publicity manager for the Imperial Chemical Industries, in *Propaganda in the Next War* quoted from *Ave Maria* by the *Lamp* (March '39).

For a Cleaner Language

By RACHAEL K. McDOWELL

All the speech that's fit to use

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

The New York Times Pure Language League has no by-laws nor constitution, no meetings, no officers, no dues. Those in its affiliation might be said to be all the men and women in the full-time service of the *New York Times*. Just one request is made of the staff members and this is that they give their "moral support" to the league. My inspiration came from attending each New Year's morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, the annual Mass of the New York Archdiocesan Holy Name Societies.

The *Times* league is now 18 years old. It started in a small way by the writer going from staff member to staff member in the city room the last day of the year and saying, "Will you help with our Pure Language campaign?"

On the former *New York Herald*, where she had worked for the 11 years before becoming a member of the *Times* staff, she had propagated a like society. Although it was informal, no *Herald* man could ever forget that there was a *New York Herald* Pure Language League.

One night when the sports editor was passing by, he inadvertently let out a cuss word. One of the reporters stage whispered, "The religious editor heard you." Immediately he retraced

his steps and stood over my typewriter.

"I know you think I am just an old hard-boiled cusser," he almost shouted at me. "Well, I want you to know that when I was a boy my mother taught me a prayer for every day of the week and I know every one of those damned prayers yet."

Having been brought up in a home where no one ever broke the commandment forbidding blasphemy, the writer just could not let anyone swear in her hearing without taking him to task. At first, although a Presbyterian, she called the organization the Holy Name Society. Finding that that gave the impression it was only for Catholics, on the advice of some of the older *Herald* "Owls," she changed the name to The Pure Language League, wishing it to include those of all faiths and no faith.

Gradually the cursing and swearing in the *Herald* city room grew less and less. The writer always said when someone forgot, and then apologized to her, that it was not of her but of almighty God they should ask forgiveness.

It was therefore a natural sequence that when in 1920 she came to the *Times* she should start informally a Pure Language League there.

More and more it seemed there

*Lexington Ave. at 65th St., New York City. April, 1939.

should be some sort of a reminder, not a pledge, but a printed form, or slip, to call attention to the purpose of the league and to rejuvenate it, perhaps annually.

That was some eight years ago. During the year I save striking statements against profanity that fall under my eye. So each new year there is a different quotation against cursing and swearing on the slip. But at the top and the bottom the slip always is the same.

The caption is "The New York Times Pure Language League" with the date of the new year at each side. At the foot is "Your moral support is sought for 1939," or whatever the year in question. It is signed "Religious News Editor."

Two years ago sentiments expressed in a sermon by the Right Reverend Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, were used on the slip. "Profanity, if it were never a sin, is bad manners, vulgarity and impoliteness," the Monsignor said. "It is a sure sign of an empty head, too. It is notorious that when a man has nothing to say, he swears." Monsignor Lavelle defined "swearing" as calling upon God to witness the most trifling thing imaginable, often things that are entirely untrue. The Monsignor defined "cursing" as "praying evil upon our neighbor."

Last year I used for the Pure Language slip the plea for clean speech

made by General George Washington. This is as follows:

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example, as well as by influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hopes of the Blessing of Heaven on our Arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

This New Year's I used the words of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself from *The Sermon on the Mount*, as follows:

"Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is the throne of God:

"Nor by the earth; for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King.

"Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black."

In the first years the annual slips went only to the editorial staff. Then they went to the men in the composing room. Each year requests came from other departments. For days afterwards men would come to the door of my office and ask for extra slips to take to friends described by them as "cussers." So each year Mr. Penney was kind enough to print more.

In 1938 we printed 1,000 slips. About 500 of these the head of the cashier's department placed outside of his windows for the men to take when they came for their checks.

This year 2,000 slips were printed, one for every person on the pay roll.

Has the cursing and swearing stopped? I wish with all my heart I could say "yes." But it is not nearly as general as it was. And I am sure there is no more profanity in the *Times* office

than in many other plants with as many men; in fact, I am led to believe, not nearly as much.

Few really mean to curse God and their fellow men. It is just a thoughtless habit. I regret to say some of the worse swearers I know are Catholics, that is, they were born Catholics. But they are not members of the Holy Name Society. And I hate to confess it, but I have sometimes heard Presbyterians curse.



Fish for Friday

Restaurant managers should have calendars. There should be a calendar of all Catholic feasts and fasts and another of Jewish feasts and fasts, and a calendar for any sizeable group that eats or does not eat in a special way at certain times.

The plain and annoying-to-the-Catholic fact is that numerous restaurants and dining cars simply have not discovered as yet that there is such a thing as Friday. As for Ember Days, they don't so much as guess their existence. Lent is a vague rumor in the kitchens. Vigils are something kept by doctors with sick patients.

Yet a Catholic picks up a menu on a fast day or a day of abstinence and wants to shoot the waiter and hang the cook if steaks and chops and chicken are flaunted before his eyes, and no meatless dish suggestions greet him.

I had an indignant session with the steward on a dining car recently. In accustomed fashion, he asked me if everything was all right. I told him emphatically that it was not all right, and expressed an ironic hope that the railroad would some day discover that there was a day called Friday and a race of poor fish eaters known as Catholics.

Restaurants following my suggestion need not pay me royalty. But they'll owe it to me.

Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C. News Service).

Franco, the Man

By ROBERT DAVIS

Let U. S. newspapers copy

Condensed from the New York *Herald-Tribune**

Old-timers will recall the extravagant way we talked about Charles Lindbergh the day after he flew the Atlantic. Well, here in Spain they talk that same way about General Franco all seven days of the week.

These Spaniards may lack certain items like cotton, gasoline and the like, but one thing they do possess, and that is a leader. The visitor is not inside the frontier 24 hours before he is aware that somewhere a moral powerhouse is in high-speed operation. They have pamphlets entitled, *Palabras del Caudillo* (Words of the Leader), which are studied as men farther east study the Talmud and the Koran. His personality pervades the country, as a strong headmaster will sometimes set the tone to his school.

Franco has managed to focalize many things in himself: the sentiment of loyalty which men usually reserve for their flag and their native land, the determination of an ancient people to become rejuvenated, the aspiring of a poor people to become wealthy in a common well-being. He has somehow made all this synonymous with himself. His influence may be compared with Gandhi's hold upon India. He is a mystic in his credo for young Spain, a stoic in his self-discipline, a puritan

in his ascetic mode of life, and a professional soldier in his ability to make decisions and his willingness to accept responsibility. All in all, he makes a pretty hefty combination.

Franco has been criticized for not bringing his war to an earlier conclusion. But he was balancing his two obligations as the head of the state and as the military operator. As head of the state he knew what he was about. The time element was fighting in his favor. His play was to waste hours rather than to waste lives. He made it a war of sieges. He allowed the men of the opposing army ample time to ripen their ideas. He let the citizens of the Spanish Republic become thoroughly fed up with Bolshevik theory and practice. And the fact that he was able to enter Barcelona unopposed and that the Republican-Red army would not even make a stand at the French border goes far to justify his policy of patience.

It should be emphasized, no less, that during the months of seeming inaction, while overseas commentators were fuming, "Why don't the Spaniards finish their war?" the Caudillo, within the territory under his control, was organizing a régime of justice and prosperity which is today a smooth-running

*New York City. March 10, 1939.

piece of administrative machinery. Trains run on schedule, wages are good, prices reasonable, taxes moderate, upkeep of roads and buildings is excellent and no essential to comfort is absent.

During the autumn of 1938 the head of the state released 125,000 men from the roster of his active army to harvest the crops. The cereals were all saved. Thanks to his foresight, it was possible for Franco's trucks, loaded with bread and meat, to roll into the plazas of hungry Barcelona just two hours behind the column of occupation.

Franco was recently walking in a village. He pointed to children at play in an empty wagon and to women at work in the public wash-house. "For people like those I will make an enduring and a happy peace; I do not want to dominate, but to convince; to convert them, to win their hearts. We shall not hesitate to suppress the hidebound conservative, just as we shall expel the Communist and anarchist."

It appears to be the overwhelming desire of his fellow-countrymen that the Caudillo continue to be the directing mind, in peace as he has been in war. If he accepts, it looks to me like a more than fair bet that he will win out. Three factors of unquestioned strength are in his favor:

1. His own record. Integrity and reasonableness are words that well describe him. No breath of scandal, personal or business, has ever touched him.

He is poor, careful of money; has always lived within his staff officer's pay. His handling of Nationalist finances and currency, without a gold reserve, capital levy or extraordinary taxation, borders on sorcery. The Franco peseta is worth four French francs. He lives in Spartan frugality with his wife and 15-year-old daughter. He's just the right age for the job—46, in prime health, not a worrier.

Best of all is the attitude of the public: The sheep have found a shepherd and they trust him.

2. Spain's economic position can support social security experiments. She is not in the same impasse as Germany and Italy, where, with poor soil and overpopulation, it is a fight to eat. Spain can produce and manufacture what she needs, save cotton and petroleum. And with her ample surplus of iron, coal, copper, quicksilver, fats, and fruit for export, she should have an extremely favorable balance of trade. She is twice as big as Italy and has half the population; is larger than Germany and has less than a third of the latter's population. To live comfortably she has no need of a tight-knit Fascist regimentation.

3. There is a new cooperation between the regions and between the social classes. In the old Spain the provinces regarded one another with bitterness; it was impossible to unite them in a common project. The upper and the lower classes were strangers

to one another. There was no common denominator, either geographically or psychologically. But the warm-hearted appeal of General Franco for the nation to get together has had a powerful effect. More potent have been the war experiences. Men who suffer together learn to think and feel in unison. The tribute which the generalissimo has paid to the striplings of his combat troops should become a classic, if it can be properly translated into foreign tongues. Behind his spoken lines one reads the cessation of feuds, the fusion of classes, in the Spain of tomorrow:

"Have you seen the youth of Spain? It is they who have won the war. These children who are not yet 20 years old have become magnificent, they have lived through everything,

they are equal to making Spain the apostle of a fresh Spanish culture around the globe. In the trenches, our young nobility, by the thousands, have been heroic. A national unity has been cemented on the battlefield. It is under this sign that we shall build our ever-living *patrie* of the future. And it is perhaps ourselves who, in this purity of spirit, shall save the souls of a materialistic Europe."

I do not know how this sort of talk affects anyone at a distance. Coming from such a man, at such a time, it hit me very hard. What Napoleon said to his first army of Italy, at the summit of the Alps, is not finer. And it lifts his high-school-boy soldiers like a shot in the arm. Franco knows his men, his land and himself.



The Mothers of Men

My mother was an angel on earth.—John Quincy Adams.

It is to my mother that I owe everything.—Saint Augustine.

All I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory.—Abraham Lincoln.

You have been the best mother—I believe the best woman—in the world.—Dr. Johnson.

If I had all the mothers I ever saw to choose from, I would have chosen you my mother.—Carlyle.

What would I not give to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon on my knees for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit.—Charles Lamb.

In after life you may have friends, but never will you again have the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows.—Macaulay.

In Old Mexico

By ALEXANDER BRILL

Guides, salesmen, scenery

Condensed from the *San Francisco Quarterly**

ACROSS the block-long bridge over the Rio Grande, one is among strangers. The people are dark, the hair is black, the dress is foreign, the air is changed; it is no longer good Texas air; it is the air of goats, the burro's air. The gutters are here and there filled with refuse dumped by the street vendors and the sidewalk carts. Shoeless children run about seeking to guide you to points of interest or willing "to wash the car," although they mean "to watch the car." Adults walk without shoes or wear *guaraches*, a sandal with a slice of an automobile tire for a sole, a shoe for which they tell me, the American exclusive lady's shop charges \$15. Stores on either side of the street, hugging the exit of the bridge, offer for sale everything Mexican.

We learned much from our first meal. We decided on ham and eggs until we reached Mexico City, consequently there was no illness in our group.

Ribera de San Cosme is about eight blocks from the *Zocalo*, or center of town. Following west along this street one finds that its name changes to that of Tacuba, which, after several blocks, gives up its ghost for another name. This fact causes the newcomer no end of trouble. He will soon realize that

it is best to ask an officer. The difficulty has no doubt been caused by the great number of generals, battles, and days, both religious and military, that have been given honor as street signs. Who has not heard of the famed Mexican general? Here is 5th of February, the 16th of September, the 2nd of May, the 5th of May, Francisco I, Madero, Benito Juarez, etc., etc., etc.

Mexico City is old; it existed long before Cortes came in 1519. The oldest sections are cut with such narrow streets that many Texans hold they can "spit" from one side to the other. Traffic, therefore, is one way, the direction marked by small blue arrows on corner buildings. One may drive east four or five blocks, then find that he must turn right or left, for the next block has a different name and the traffic is west. An American may make the mistake of continuing on the same street and only be cautioned by the ever-present policeman, but a native immediately has his driver's card confiscated until he appears to pay his fine *por infraccion de la ley*.

The newer sections are laid out like those of any large American city. Traffic signals are in order, lanes are marked, and the vehicles move along without delay.

*University of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif. Winter, 1939.

A few blocks from the Cathedral of Mexico, which is on the west side of the *Zocalo*, live the under-privileged, thousands who perhaps have never been to a movie or used a telephone. The sidewalks are crowded both by pedestrians and stands, where one may buy anything of life's necessities—food and clothing of every description and smell. The streets are no less jammed by the trolleys, the American trucks and the native *guarache*-shod porter or carrier.

Off the sidewalk the most interesting animal is this porter, or human burro. Of full or almost full Indian blood, the man is dressed in white trousers which look more like pajamas, although if he had the money he could buy 10,000 pairs of the former from the sidewalk stands. His coat, or what is left of it, was once white; now it is black and yellow and brown and full of holes. Around his forehead is a pad, each end of which is tied to a heavy cord that is in turn used to hold firmly the burden. On his back is the load. One of them lamentingly said to me in his Indian-Spanish that he was walking 40 miles with the load of earthen pots on his back. There was no exaggeration in what he said, since the place I met him was 15 miles from one town and some 25 miles to Mexico City. In the capital few carry these pots, which serve some families for cooking, drinking and washing. Rather, we may see them toting sacks

of beans or of charcoal, bureaus, tables, five-gallon gasoline cans, beds, four or five boxes of fruit, or anything else for which they can earn money.

Turn to the right or left, at the corner. What is that in the middle of the street? Why, it's a department store spread out on the pavement. There are towels, shoes, beans, fruit, furniture, under and outer garments of every description for men, women, and children. Is the street closed to traffic? Certainly not. Just drive over. No matter if your radiator, gas or oil line leak, or if one of the wheels skims the outside of the pile. That is not your worry. You'll not be cursed. You only hear, "*Pase, pase, pase,*" which I think needs no explanation.

As you leave behind more of these emporium streets, whose merchants pay a daily tax to the government (and not a few have cried to me that this overhead eats heavily into their profits), one soon comes to the Church of Guadalupe, the exterior of which is being repaired gratis by one of the labor unions. As you turn into the street upon which this 400-year-old shrine of Mexico stands, an army of barefoot youngsters and grownups pushes you. They, too, want to watch your car, although they translate literally from their own language, "You wash the car?" After a few such experiences you soon tell them that "we will all wash the car," but on second thought no one is going to "wash" the car, because

the policemen are my friends. Why do you want to "wash" the car? It won't run away. No, they know that, but someone might put a few "nice new scratches" here and there, or maybe the windows would be broken, or perhaps a tire or two might be ripped with a sharp knife. Well, I don't pay tribute to any pirates. I warn them again that the policeman is my friend and that, after all, the Americans have always heard that the Mexican people are a great nation, are not thieves, are kind and good. They look at each other and, having their eyes open for other foreign machines, leave you on the run.

You cross the street where your path is blocked by more sidewalk stands close to the Church of Guadalupe. Religious articles are shouted for sale, pictures, rosaries, medallions, postal cards, crosses, candles, books. Everywhere is the shout, "*Barato, señor, señorita, barato.*" It is hard to break away from the vendors. One of my friends offered the suggestion that even a jokingly said, "I am a Communist," would drive away any of them.

One enters the church and proceeds toward the rail, being careful, since it is somewhat dark, not to step upon the Indians who have been making their way forward on their knees. To the right of the high altar there is another chapel whose rails, they say, are of pure silver. Between the main church and the side chapel there is a small room

where stands a replica of the Virgin of Guadalupe in full size. The figure is enclosed in a glass case. The devout who have been coming to pray before this shrine for the last 407 years must number hundreds during weekdays and thousands on Sundays and other holydays. Rich and poor, the educated and the uneducated, the high office holder and the humblest porter come in to kneel, to murmur a few words, and to kiss the glass window that protects the shrine.

Xochimilco isn't more than 15 minutes from the heart of Mexico City. Every Mexican town has a plaza, where you are met by several dozen guides who swarm over the car offering their services. You speed up to avoid them, but you find at least one standing on your running board. I speed up to 40 miles an hour, I go over puddles, the *lazarillo* shouts, "*por aquí, señor, por aquí.*" I pay no attention to him. I have become so angry, I begin to hope he jumps and breaks a leg. Then I think in a more Christian manner. I relent and stop. He walks back a half mile.

Around a curve are Xochimilco's muddy canals. Flat-bottomed boats all bearing names in flowers and print are lined up. We are again attacked. This time by the boat owners. "Two pesos, three pesos, a peso and a half. Here is my boat. Look at it. A two-hour ride." All this without an argument among the boat owners. We choose

a boat. We start out. Suddenly a canoe appears. A woman paddling offers to sell us drinks, beer, coca-cola, sandwich meat, pig meat, chicken meat, cow meat, goat meat and other meats. We wave her away when to the right a marimba band appears. Music—name your selection, and at our rear we see another boat working hard to catch up with us. "Picture, *señor*," showing us several samples. We cannot resist. Our

strength is lost. The band plays, the photographer hides his head in the camera. In two minutes I hold a photograph of myself showing my head in a wreath of pansies with an inscription above reading: "*Recuerdos de Xochimilco*." I pay off, and the band and the photographer pay off the boatman. Well, they have tricks here south of the Rio Grande just as they have back home.



Standing on Ceremony

Emily Post in Chinese

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

Condensed from the *Cross Annual**

When my guest comes in, if he be a modern Chinese and wearing the foreign-style hat, he will remove it. But if he be one of the old school he will consider it perfectly polite to wear his hat whether it be a foreign or a native one. He will remove his glasses, however, for the old Chinese consider it impolite to wear spectacles before a guest or a superior.

After we are both seated, I ask my guest some questions, and he gets up to answer them. As soon as I see him rise I must do the same. Next the tables are turned and he asks a question. I bob up, he bobs up, then we both sit down again.

Guest: "Are you Father Su?"

Host: "I am Father Su." (To answer with a mere "yes" or "no" is unbecoming). "What is the gentleman's honorable name?"

Guest: "My dishonorable (unworthy) name is Fung."

Host: "I am most unworthy that the honorable gentleman should enter my unbecoming dwelling."

Guest: "No, no! I am totally unworthy to enter your lofty abode. And the green hills and flowing streams of your neighborhood are incomparably charming."

Host: "Where is the gentleman's honorable residence?"

*Mount Argus, Dublin. S. W. 7, 1939.

Guest: "My contemptible cabin is at Hankow."

Host: "And the gentleman's worthy sire and mother, are they still present (that is, are they alive)?"

Guest: "My 'family discipline' (father) and my 'family compassion' (mother) are not present. (The Chinese avoid the words "death" and "dead," but use instead the expression "not present.") At my thatched hut in Hankow there is that ridiculous object, my stupid thorn (with such endearing terms he refers, in polite conversation, to his wife) and one small dog (meaning his son). What is the venerable sir's great age?"

Host: "I have already wasted from 30 to 40 years. Where are you getting rich (meaning, where do you do business)?"

Guest: "I am toiling away at Shenchow."

And so the conversation goes on. Often the visitor spends five or ten minutes just sitting down and looking around, and neither host nor guest say a word. I finally get tired and wish the man would go. The visit is wearing and wearying, and I have a lot of work to do. But, to quote some author on this subject: "To the foreigner time is money, but it is very far from being so to the Chinese, for in China everyone has an abundance of time and very few have any money."

If my caller has come on an official and not merely a social visit, I can use

my cup of tea to get rid of him. No, I don't throw it at him, though my nerves may be frazzled and I am getting desperate. I invite my guest to drink tea with me. He'll take a sip and understand the visit is over. But perhaps he doesn't want to leave so soon. I just finger my teacup, show a sort of anxiety to drink, and he will take the hint and leave. But if he be like some of those people who simply can't take a hint, then I just drink my tea and make a motion as though I were going to leave. But that must be done in rare cases only, and not with one whose favor or friendship is courted. It will make the gentleman lose "face," and leave my place mortified. My guest, though, is not thick-skulled. Comes the final bow.

I heave a deep sigh of relief. It's part of the work for which I came to China. My visitor may have been an army officer, and it pays to be friendly with those on whom you depend for protection. Or he may have been a customs officer, and it will help me to get a square deal when I have any business with him. And during the conversation I may have been asked or volunteered some information about the "Lord of Heaven doctrine" (name for Catholic doctrine). Perhaps I dispelled a prejudice, maybe explained some point, made a good or even deep impression. And who shall foretell what the seed I have sown may produce in the years to come?

Why An Italian Pope?

It seems quite reasonable

By HENRI DAVENSON

Condensed from *Esprit**

Some have said quite openly, a non-Italian Pope should have been elected. That is very naïve. Too many people consider the Pope, the head of the universal Church, raised by his rank above the other Bishops, as if he were a colonel set above his captains and lieutenants. That is a mistake; there is no "rank" of Pope in the Holy Orders of the Church. The Pope is the Bishop of Rome, to which bishopric belong particular rights and functions. The Pope is an Italian bishop, whose bishopric has attached to it the privilege of governing the world. In that fact there is occasion for the legitimate pride of Italians in general, and of Romans in particular, and we have no business to resent it.

Consequently it is quite in order that the Pope should be an Italian; just as we should consider it normal that the Bishop of Tokyo should be a Japanese and that as many as possible of the bishops in China should be Chinese.

Nearly all of the non-Italian Popes will be found in one of four groups. Of these four groups, three are to be explained by the same cause, namely, the tyranny of some foreign power over the Roman Church. Thus we find the periods of:

1. *Byzantine preponderance*, exer-

cised through the Exarchs of Ravenna; of the ten Popes between 685 and 752, nine were either Greek or Syrian Orientals.

2. *German preponderance*, when the Emperor Otto III imposed an Austrian and a Frankish Pope between 996 and 1003, and when the Emperor Henry III imposed four (out of five) Germanic Popes between 1046 and 1057.

3. *French preponderance* at the time of the Popes of Avignon: between 1305 and 1378 there were seven French Popes; or, if the anti-Popes be included, 12 foreign Popes between 1305 and 1449, of whom ten were French or Savoyard.

There remains a fourth period, the only one in which the Church has freely chosen a number of non-Italian Popes. Between 1057 and 1159, from the Lothringian Stephen X to the English Adrian IV, there were five foreign Popes out of 16. This was the period of the Hildebrandine reform and the struggle with the Empire, when the Church sought to reform herself and to be independent of the interested support of the Emperor. But if during this period non-Roman and non-Italian Popes were chosen, it was for the same reason as had already justified imperial intervention and

*Paris, France (March, '39) quoted in Blackfriars, Oxford, England (April, '39).

which later was to explain the abandonment of Rome for Avignon, namely, the impossibility of recruiting a good Pope in the Italian milieu which had become corrupted by simony and all manner of vices and which was troubled by the tyranny of the turbulent Roman nobility.

From this it becomes clear that, normally, the Pope, bishop of an Italian See, is only chosen from outside of Italy in two cases: either when a foreign master imposes his will, or when the internal situation of Italy is such that it prevents the choice of a worthy Italian Pope, or prohibits the free exercise of his power once elected. Whence it would appear that the Popes will continue to be Italian in the future, unless such day comes that Fascist tyranny seeks to impose on the whole of Christendom a Pope unworthy of it; which does not seem very likely.

I would add one other consideration. Since the Reformation the Italian people is the only one to have remained

a Christian *and* Catholic people.

Here is another reason why it is normal and admirable, that the government of the Church should be, in large measure, confined to Italians. The Catholics of France, like those of England, America and Germany, are only a minority in their own countries. Our French clergy owe to this fact their peculiar value, their courage and virtues, but also a *déformation*, easy to explain and excuse, but hard to define. Italian cardinals will *never*, under normal circumstances, vote for a colleague from the other side of the Alps; the reason for this is no unworthy sentiment of national pride or prejudice, but for a reason which is more profound and more truly Catholic. That reason I heard expressed one day by one, competent to pronounce, in a phrase which is not contemptuous but profoundly wise, "They will think, 'These people are not *mature* enough for the government of the Church to be confided to them'."



It Might Even Help

Tourists swarmed about Cardinal Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII, when he visited Mount Vernon. Catholics among them had prayer books and rosaries to be blessed. Honeymooning couples asked and received his gracious blessing. The last of these had obvious racial characteristics. A reporter lagged behind and asked the bride, "You're Jewish, aren't you?" "Sure," she replied, "but it won't hurt."

Catholic Action (April '39).

Dare I Adopt a Baby?

You're foolish if you don't

By AULEEN B. EBERHARDT

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

"My greatest desire is to have children in our home, but I am afraid to adopt a baby."

This statement was made to me a short time ago by a Catholic woman, no longer in her first youth, but with, God willing, many years of life ahead of her. She was happily married to a more than averagely prosperous business man. She drove her own car. Her home was in one of the finest residential districts of the city, and possessed ample room for a completely equipped nursery. She had competent help.

Money, I rightly reasoned, was not the reason why she and her husband hesitated to adopt a child. They could rear several children without straining their income. Because she had opened the subject, I felt justified in asking her to tell me why she feared taking a child into her home.

"An adopted child would worry me to death," she replied slowly. "First of all, I would be afraid of its bad blood. Then I would be continually looking for faults, inherited or acquired. And most of all I should be afraid of having a child of my own after I had taken in an adopted baby."

"Are these your only reasons?" I asked gently.

She looked at me in surprise.

"Yes." Then she continued wistfully, "I suppose you 'despise me for my utter selfishness."

"I do not despise you. But I pity you very much."

The case of this woman is identical with that of many wives who are denied the happiness of motherhood, and who, as the years advance, long for children to brighten their homes. Yet they hesitate.

Their fears of a lonely old age mount higher and higher as the years advance. Their longing for children often becomes a craving that makes them restless. They are very unhappy, but they have not the courage to reach out and take the joy that the "great Friend of little children" has provided for those who succor His homeless small ones. Adopting a child is like overcoming one's fear of the water. After the first plunge, there is nothing of which to be frightened.

Bad blood seems to be the bugbear of most women who would like to adopt a child. They greatly fear the inherited tendencies toward loose living, addiction to liquor, and the like. The answer to this problem, however, is quite simple, as they would realize if they investigated homes for abandoned children. All little ones given

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out by reputable child-placing agencies must submit to the Wassermann and other blood tests. Children with bad blood, social diseases or undesirable histories are not permitted to be given in adoption.

As for faults in adopted children, no child is perfect. Training and environment are most important factors in forming character. Statistics show that adopted children for the most part are kind, adaptable and lovable. They respond superbly to proper training. They seem to sense their obligation to their legal parents and, from babyhood on, strive to repay them with deep-rooted affection.

Adopted children will not conflict with one's own children if properly handled. Children instinctively love one another. Older children have a basic desire to protect younger children. In cases where a couple adopting a child later have a baby of their own, the solution is never to stress the

status of the children but to refer to them always as "our children." The adopted child must never be made to feel that there is a difference between him and his little brother or sister. He is now a family child, has his legal rights and must have his place in the affections of his parents. Be it said to their credit that only in rare cases have parents discriminated against their adopted children. Else why adopt them? Adopted children invariably give to their legal brothers or sisters an overflowing measure of fidelity and love.

Dare I adopt a child? The unhesitating answer should be "Yes!" Adopted children bring true happiness to any home, rich or poor, great or humble. Their presence is a blessing. They bring out all that is good and fine in a husband and a wife. They necessitate the making of sacrifices of time and money, but what is acquired without sacrifice?



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Catholic Books of Current Interest

Mertens, P. X. *The Yellow River Runs Red*. St. Louis: Herder. 181 pp. \$1.75.

From the sworn testimony in the hands of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Father Mertens, a Jesuit missionary in China, gives a thrilling account of the persecutions of Christians during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900.

Moore, Thomas H., S.J. *Beyond the Altar Rail*. New York: Fordham. \$1.25.

A clear, simple explanation of the meaning of the substance of the Mass divorced from its symbolism.

Billington, Ray Allen. *The Protestant Crusade*. New York: Macmillan. 1938. 514 pp. \$5.

Exhaustively documented history of anti-Catholic prejudice in the U. S. in the first half of the 19th century, by a non-Catholic.

Belloc, Hilaire. *Sonnets and Verse*. New York: Sheed. 206 pp. \$2.50.

Several unpublished sonnets have been added to this new and much enlarged collection of the great English poet's verse.

Morton, H. V. *Through Lands of the Bible*. New York: Dodd. 452 pp. \$3.

This third addition to a series of guidebooks of Palestine is a charming account of a Christian pilgrimage from the Euphrates to the Nile and Sinai.

Hurley, Doran. *Herself: Mrs. Patrick Crowley*. New York: Longmans. 308 pp. \$2.

Financed by Irish sweepstake winnings, Mrs. Patrick Crowley spent three adventurous weeks in New York.

Knox, Ronald. *Let Dons Delight*. New York: Sheed. 280 pp. \$3.

These imaginary conversations at Oxford, from 1588 to 1938, trace English thought from the Elizabethan period to our day.

Skarga, Peter, S.J. *The Eucharist*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.

By the simple and attractive presentation of the theology of the Sacrament and its place in our liturgical life, the reader's appreciation of the richness of this doctrine is intensified.

Bernhart, Joseph. *The Vatican as a World Power*. New York: Longmans. 456 pp. \$4.

A concise, straightforward, dramatic story of the papacy from the reign of St. Peter to Pius XI, followed by a detailed account of the concrete workings of the Roman Curia.

Lunn, Arnold. *The Science of World Revolution*. New York: Sheed. 355 pp. \$3.

An analysis of five social revolutions: the French Revolutions of the 18th century and of 1848, the French Commune of 1871, the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia in 1917, and the Spanish Revolution of 1931 and after.